

# The Lord's Memorial

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✓  
THE HEART'S OFFERING  
WITH  
SONGS NEW AND OLD  
FOR  
**The Lord's Memorial**

By  
✓✓  
CHARLES WALKER RAY, D. D.

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*"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you"*

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## Note.

The preparation of this work was not undertaken as a commercial venture or for pecuniary advantage. The aim of the author was to increase reverence and love for the Word of God and for our adorable Lord. He has furnished the hymns and the plates for the music as an offering for his Lord through the medium of the Publication Society for which he has the greatest affection. The book assumed larger proportions than at first contemplated, for conference with pastors discovered the necessity of including many old, favorite hymns.



## Foreword.

"This do in remembrance of me."

The Lord's Memorial, instituted by him on the last evening of his earthly life, was left with his disciples as a sacred trust that they might establish its observance in all the churches.

It was given to the apostle Paul by divine revelation, and by him it was named the Lord's Supper. It was designed not only to commemorate the Saviour's death, but to ratify his covenant with his people in the most solemn and impressive manner.

Ancient Oriental tribes entering into a covenant that never could be broken, signed and sealed it with their own blood; and the covenant of our Lord was sealed with his life-blood, of which the Memorial service is to be the reminder and of which the element of the cup is to be the emblem "till he come." And what is this new covenant? "For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people: . . . For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." (Heb. 8: 10, 12.)

In giving the cup to his disciples Jesus said: "This is my blood of the new covenant, which is shed for many," "which is shed for you," "for the remission of sins." In the eyes of his disciples, it was intended solemnly to confirm and make valid every divine promise. "Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life." (John 6: 53, 54.)

To eat or to drink is to satisfy an acknowledged craving or sense of need. To eat the flesh and to drink the blood of Christ is an act implying personal choice and a voluntary appropriation of that which becomes a part of ourselves. Hence Jesus said: "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me and I in him." To partake of the emblems of his flesh and blood is to express our faith in his sacrificial death in our behalf, and our trust to the efficacy of his atoning blood in procuring our pardon and a justifying imputed righteousness.

“Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.”

The spiritual import of our Saviour's words may be understood when we consider that the delicate and essential substance of what we eat nourishes our life and gives us strength; being digested, assimilated, and conveyed by the blood to every part of the body, it becomes flesh and blood and bone and nerve and brain and muscle and ligament and sinew; touching eyes and ears and lips; repairing waste, healing our wounds, and perpetuating our life. All that food is to the body, Jesus is to the believer in his spiritual nature, and we could have no life without him. Hence he said: “Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. (John 6 : 53-56.)

By faith the believer becomes identified with Christ as truly as, by transfusion, the life-blood may be conveyed from the veins of one person to the veins of another and become identified with him.

Jesus took the cup and said: “This cup is the new testament (covenant) in my blood.”

And what was in the cup? Since he said, “I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God,” it is obvious that it was the juice of the grape; but whether fermented or unfermented no one can know.

In celebrating the Passover the Jews uniformly made use of red wine mixed with twice the quantity of water. The same mixture, no doubt, was used in the institution of the Lord's Memorial.

A worthy motive and attitude of soul will render our service acceptable to God; yet we should make sure that nothing is used that can excite a hereditary appetite or a craving for intoxicating drink.

In partaking of the emblems of the Saviour's flesh and blood we proclaim our faith in the infinitely meritorious sacrifice of his life on the cross, and our grateful acceptance of him as our Saviour and Lord.

“As oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.”

Some one will say, I can not participate in the service, for I am unworthy. But shall a realization of our unworthiness render us unfit to accept the forgiveness of sin and the gift of life eternal? Our sense of unworthiness coupled with our faith is our highest recommendation to divine favor.

“This do!” said Jesus. Can I be indifferent to what he has expressly enjoined, and yet hope for a sense of his presence and preciousness?

For years and years after laying away the form of a beautiful baby boy in the silence of the grave, I would go in the evening twilight and

gaze with tear-dimmed eyes upon the toys once grasped by the little dimpled hands of my darling, and they seemed to whisper of the time when his arms were about my neck and his lips were lovingly pressed against my own.

But for me the emblems of my Saviour's flesh and blood have a thousandfold greater significance. They speak of quenchless love; of the agony in the gloomy garden; of the bloody sweat; of the shoulders cut and torn by Pilate's scourge; of the thorn-crown; of the nails and quivering flesh; of twinging nerves and fevered lips; and of the burdened, breaking heart.

Go, look upon Gethsemane and Golgotha. Go, gaze upon the bloody cross! Do you wish for other proofs of the Saviour's love and heart-yearnings for reciprocated affection?

Do you stand in awe of the service lest you eat and drink unworthily?

He that eateth and drinketh unworthily and to his own condemnation is he that does not realize his sinfulness and that does not discern the Lord's body in the elements which spiritually and emblematically represent his flesh and blood.

In keeping the ordinance, deeply conscious of our sinfulness and indebtedness to Jesus, we should lift our eyes to heaven in grateful remembrance of his condescension, humiliation, sufferings, and death in our behalf, and without any mental reservation give ourselves to him.

For one to partake while cherishing a deliberate purpose to live in sin would be to trifle with the ordinance in a recklessly wicked way. That would be to invite judgment and condemnation, and to take rank with those who spit upon him and nailed him to the cross.

Do you believe in Jesus as the Son of God, and have you confessed your faith in him in his own appointed way, and are you resolved to live for him? If so, no sense of unworthiness should deter you from a participation in our Lord's Memorial with his people. To you he is saying: "This do in remembrance of me."





## Suggestions for the Observance of the Communion.

Great anxiety is felt with reference to the observance of the Lord's Supper from the conviction that people generally are not duly impressed by a sense of its importance.

In some of our churches the customary order of service is much too brief to inspire a spirit of devotion, and the way in which it often is hurried through leaves the impression that it is merely a formal ceremony that need not greatly concern us.

This, for many people, robs it of all solemnity and of its chief value as a means of spiritual quickening, and results in a feeling of such indifference that few churches rarely see more than one-third of their members present.

In this way our Lord is wounded and dishonored "in the house of his friends," and many go away to lament a perpetual leanness of soul.

We have hoped to contribute something in overcoming this lamentable feeling of indifference, and in making the Memorial Supper worthy of the name, and a service of greater spiritual fruitfulness.

While avoiding all appearance of haste, let announcements be made as brief as possible, and let the pastor's address be suggestive and wholly in harmony with the nature of the service.

All thoughts, from beginning to end, should center upon the believer's relation and indebtedness to Christ, and be specially adapted to bring every soul present into closer sympathy and fellowship with him.

It is only for the inexperienced that we outline an order of service beyond that which is indicated by the Scriptures, because any other order, followed exclusively, becomes commonplace and is liable to pave the way to a spiritually fruitless formalism that will divest the service of all significance.

In the apostles' time the Jewish Passover included a series of hymns, and the institution of the Supper was concluded with a hymn, indicating that appropriate hymns will be in harmony with the divine purpose; and anything should be welcome that will afford a clearer vision of our Lord and a more sensible nearness to him.

There should be great care that nothing be introduced that is distasteful to people of culture and refined sensibilities, and few things are more distasteful and annoying than crude and inappropriate hymns.

All hymns for the Lord's Memorial should express or suggest a grateful appreciation of our Saviour's humiliation, sufferings, and death in our behalf, or point to the promise of his second coming.

A service something like the following could not be deemed inappropriate.

1. Organ prelude and hymn.
2. Prayer of invocation.
3. Brief selection of Scripture read or recited by the pastor, something like the following:

For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name *is* Holy;

I dwell in the high and holy *place*,

With him also *that is* of a contrite and humble spirit,

To revive the spirit of the humble,

And to revive the heart of the contrite ones. (Isa. 57 : 15.)

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

My soul *waiteth* for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning:

*I say, more than* they that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the Lord:

For with the Lord *there is* mercy,

And with him *is* plenteous redemption. (Ps. 130 : 5-7.)

4. Optional readings.

a. Responsive reading from prophecy.

I gave my back to the smiters,

And my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair:

I hid not my face from shame and spitting. (Isa. 50 : 6.)

He is despised and rejected of men;

A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief:

And we hid as it were our faces from him;

He was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs,

And carried our sorrows:

Yet we did esteem him stricken,

Smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions,

He was bruised for our iniquities:

The chastisement of our peace was upon him;

And with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray;

We have turned every one to his own way;  
 And the Lord hath laid on him  
 The iniquity of us all.  
 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,  
 Yet he opened not his mouth:  
 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter,  
 And as a sheep before her shearers is dumb,  
 So he openeth not his mouth.  
 He was taken from prison and from judgment:  
 And who shall declare his generation?  
 For he was cut off out of the land of the living:  
 For the transgression of my people was he stricken.  
 And he made his grave with the wicked  
 And with the rich in his death;  
 Because he had done no violence,  
 Neither was any deceit in his mouth.  
 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him, he hath put him to grief:  
 When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin,  
 He shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days,  
 And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.  
 He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied:  
 By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many;  
 For he shall bear their iniquities.  
 Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great,  
 And he shall divide the spoil with the strong;  
 Because he hath poured out his soul unto death:  
 And he was numbered with the transgressors;  
 And he bare the sin of many,  
 And made intercession for the transgressors. (Isa. 53 : 3-12.)

#### *b. Readings from the New Testament.*

The pastor may read:

Christ being come an high priest of good things to come, by a greater  
 and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of  
 this building; neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own  
 blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal  
 redemption for us. (Heb. 9 : 11, 12.)

Pastor and people read responsively:

Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are  
 the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the  
 presence of God for us:

Nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the high priest entereth  
 into the holy place every year with blood of others;

For then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world:  
 but now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin  
 by the sacrifice of himself.

And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judg-  
 ment:

So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation. (Heb. 9 : 24-28.)

All read in concert:

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. (Rom. 8 : 38, 39.)

e. The testimony of the apostles may be read.

**Testimony of Saint Paul.** (May be read responsively.)

For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the *same* night in which he was betrayed took bread:

And when he had given thanks, he brake *it*, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.

After the same manner also *he took* the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood; this do ye, as oft as ye drink *it*, in remembrance of me.

For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink *this* cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord.

But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of *that* bread, and drink of *that* cup.

For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body.

(1 Cor. 11 : 23-29.)

**Testimony of Saint Mark.**

And as they did eat, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake *it*, and gave to them, and said, Take, eat: this is my body.

And he took the cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave *it* to them: and they all drank of it.

And he said unto them, This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many.

Verily I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God.

And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives.

(Mark 14 : 22-26.)

**Testimony of Saint Matthew.**

And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake, and gave *it* to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body.

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave *it* to them, saying, Drink ye all of it;

For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.

And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives.

(Matt. 26 : 26-30.)

#### **Testimony of Saint Luke.**

And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake *it*, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.

Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.

(Luke 22 : 19, 20.)

5. Hymn and prayer.

6. Announcements and weekly offering.

7. Reception of members.\*

8. Pastor and people read covenant in concert, standing:

Having been led, as we believe, by the Spirit of God to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour; and on the profession of our faith, having been baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we do now, in the presence of God, angels, and this assembly, most solemnly and joyfully enter into covenant with one another, as one body in Christ.

We engage, therefore, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, to walk together in Christian love; to strive for the advancement of this church, in knowledge, holiness, and comfort; to promote its prosperity and spirituality; to sustain its worship, ordinances, discipline, and doctrines; to contribute cheerfully and regularly to the support of the ministry, the expenses of the church, the relief of the poor, and the spread of the gospel through all nations.

We also engage to maintain family and secret devotion; to religiously educate our children; to seek the salvation of our kindred and acquaintances; to walk circumspectly in the world; to be just in our dealings, faithful in our engagements, and exemplary in our deportment.

We further engage to aid each other in sickness and distress; to cultivate Christian sympathy in feeling and courtesy in speech; to be slow to take offense, but always ready for reconciliation, and mindful of the rules of our Saviour to seek it without delay.

Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.

(Sometimes when no new members are received the reading of the covenant may be omitted.)

\* Pastor's address may precede or follow reception of members.



9. Consecration and breaking of bread. In passing it to the deacons the pastor may repeat the words of Jesus:

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. (John 6 : 53, 54.)

Or,

And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me. (Luke 22 : 19.)

10. Thanksgiving and the cup. When passing the symbol of the blood to the deacons the pastor may repeat the words of Jesus:

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. (Matt. 26 : 27, 28.)

Or,

This cup is the new testament in my blood; this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come. (1 Cor. 11 : 25, 26.)

11. Hymn.

And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives. (Mark 14 : 26.)



# SONGS NEW AND OLD.

FOR USE IN OBSERVANCE OF

## THE LORD'S MEMORIAL.

EDITED BY

CHARLES WALKER RAY, D. D.

### No. 1. Jesus Our Saviour, Sovereign Head.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.

1. Je - sus our Sav-iour, Sov'-reign Head, Once slain but ris - en from the dead,  
2. Redeemer, Lord, and great High Priest, Make this a true Me-mo-ri-al Feast;  
3. Thon art for us the Liv-ing Bread For whom this ta-ble now is spread;  
4. If with-out Thee we can-not rest, But if in Thee our souls are blest;

We humbly come to worship Thee, Let this Thine own Me-mo-ri-al be.  
Emblems of flesh and blood we see, But we have life a-lone in Thee.  
E - ter-nal life is Thine to give, But without Thee we can-not live.  
Thy death and life to us shall be Our best Me-mo-ri-al of Thee.

Copyright, 1914, by C. W. Ray.

(Music as above.)

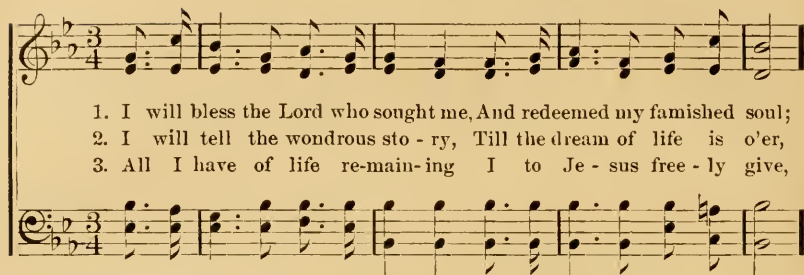
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| <p>1 Jesus, and shall it ever be—<br/>A mortal man ashamed of Thee?<br/>Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,<br/>Whose glories shine thro' endless days!</p> <p>2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend<br/>On whom my hopes of heaven depend!<br/>No! when I blush be this my shame—<br/>That I no more revere His name.</p> | <p>3 Ashamed of Jesus? yes, I may,<br/>When I've no guilt to wash away,<br/>No tear to wipe, no good to crave,<br/>No fears to quell, no soul to save.</p> <p>4 Till then, nor is my boasting vain—<br/>Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;<br/>And oh, may this my glory be—<br/>That Christ is not ashamed of me.</p> |
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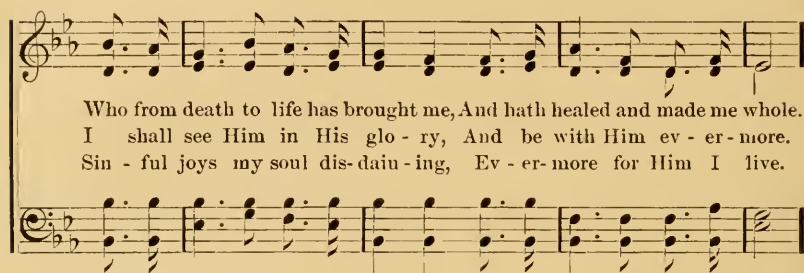
# I Am His and He Is Mine.

"I am found of them that sought me not."—Isa. 65 : 1.

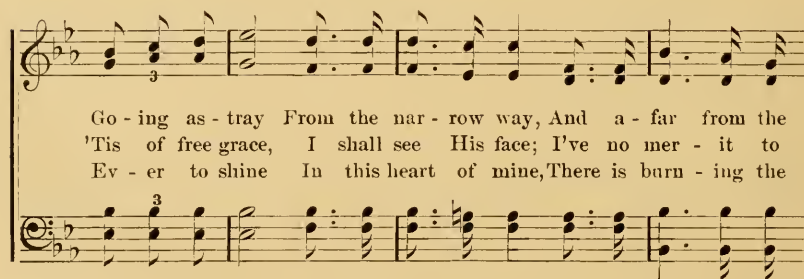
Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



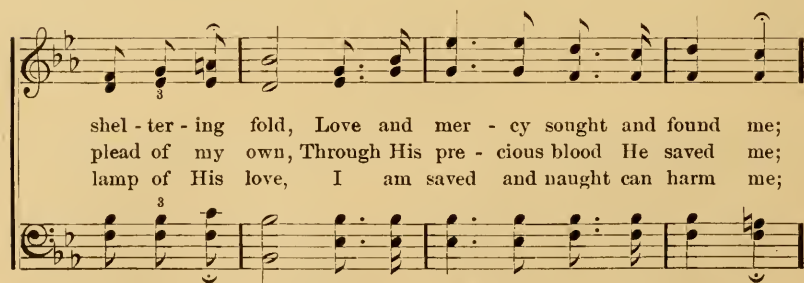
1. I will bless the Lord who sought me, And redeemed my famished soul;  
 2. I will tell the wondrous story, Till the dream of life is o'er,  
 3. All I have of life re-main-ing I to Je - sus free - ly give,



Who from death to life has brought me, And hath healed and made me whole.  
 I shall see Him in His glo - ry, And be with Him ev - er - more.  
 Sin - ful joys my soul dis-dain-ing, Ev - er - more for Him I live.

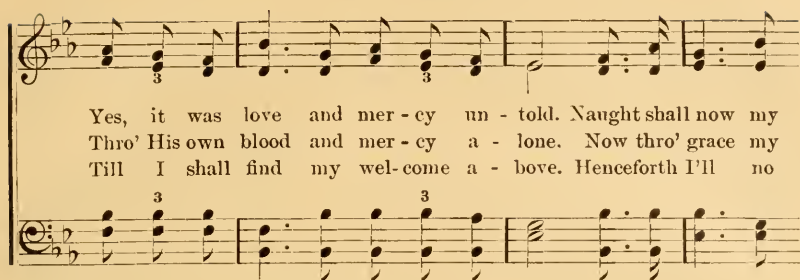


Go - ing as - tray From the nar - row way, And a - far from the  
 'Tis of free grace, I shall see His face; I've no mer - it to  
 Ev - er to shine In this heart of mine, There is burn - ing the

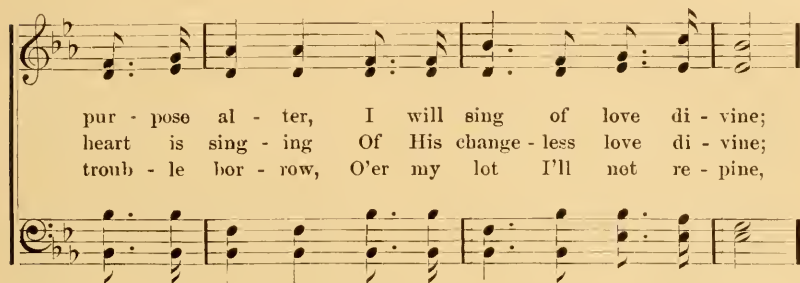


shel - ter - ing fold, Love and mer - cy sought and found me;  
 plead of my own, Through His pre - cious blood He saved me;  
 lamp of His love, I am saved and naught can harm me;

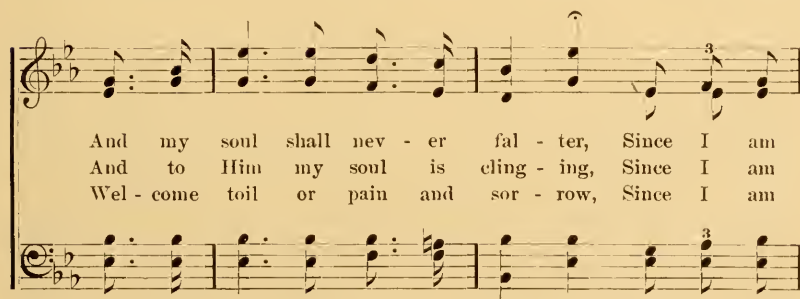
# I Am His and He Is Mine,—Concluded.



Yes, it was love and mer - cy un - told. Naught shall now my  
Thro' His own blood and mer - cy a - lone. Now thro' grace my  
Till I shall find my wel - come a - bove. Henceforth I'll no



pur - pose al - ter, I will sing of love di - vine;  
heart is sing - ing Of His change - less love di - vine;  
troub - le bor - row, O'er my lot I'll not re - pine,



And my soul shall nev - er fal - ter, Since I am  
And to Him my soul is cling - ing, Since I am  
Wel - come toil or pain and sor - row, Since I am



*rit.*  
His, and He is mine.  
His, and He is mine.  
His, and He is mine.

# No. 3.

# Remember Me.

ISAAC WATTS.

ASA HULL, by per.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree?  
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,

CHO.—Help me, dear Sav-our, Thee to own, And ev - er faith-ful be;

*D. C. Chorus.*

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree.  
 When Christ, the might-y Mak-er died For man, the creature's sin.

And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,<br/>         Whilst His dear cross appears,<br/>         Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,<br/>         And melt mine eyes to tears.</p> | <p>5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay<br/>         The debt of love I owe;<br/>         Here, Lord, I give myself away;<br/>         'Tis all that I can do.</p> |
|--|--|

## Gethsemane and the Cross.

By C. W. RAY.

Dear Lord, in dark Gethsemane,  
 Thou didst long, long ago  
 Receive with trembling soul for me  
 The bitter cup of woe;  
 O'er Thee the waves of anguish rolled,  
 A wild and whelming flood,  
 Thine agonies could not be told  
 Though pictured in Thy blood.

The shadows of Gethsemane,  
 The night damps, chill and cold,  
 The bloody sweat of agony  
 My wond'ring eyes behold;  
 On Thee my sins and guilt were laid,  
 From death to make me free,  
 My ransom price was fully paid  
 By Thee, dear Lord, by Thee.

Gethsemane, Gethsemane!  
 What could for sin atone?  
 No death, no blood availed for me  
 But Thine and Thine alone;  
 The scourge, the thorns, the nails, the spear,  
 The sponge of bitter gall,  
 The cross, the bloody cross is near!  
 I seem to see them all.

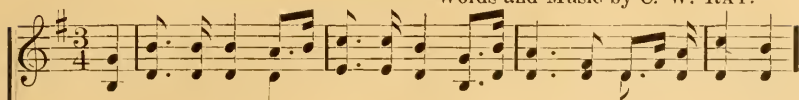
Cling Thou to me, dear Lord, I pray,  
 My trust, my life, my all;  
 Oh, leave me not to go astray,  
 To stumble and to fall.  
 I give myself to Thy control,  
 I yield my will to Thine;  
 Reign Thou supreme within my soul,  
 Through love and grace divine.

# No. 4.

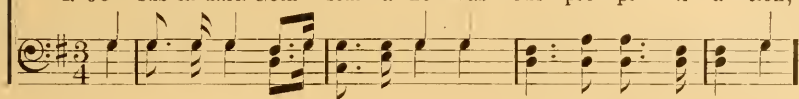
# Jesus in Gethsemane.

"And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly : and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."—Luke 22: 44.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



1. Go ye to sad Geth - sem - a - ne, Go hear the Sav - iour pleading;
2. Draw nearer in Geth - sem - a - ne, Tread soft - ly; mark His an - guish;
3. Yet nearer in Geth - sem - a - ne, An an - gel is be - side Him;
4. Je - sus in dark Geth - sem - a - ne Was our pro - pi - ti - a - tion;



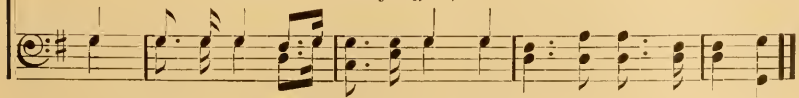
The pass - er-by may hear His cry, His sobs of grief un - heed - ing,  
He now can see the blood - y tree On which He soon must lan - guish.  
With blood - y sweat the earth is wet, But love is not de - nied Him.  
By His dis - tress, God's righteousness Has now full vin - di - ca - tion.



There on His knees our Lord fore - sees The bur - den of His sor - row;  
The lost to win, the curse of sin He on him - self is tak - ing,  
The judgment hall—the sponge of gall, The cross so rude and go - ry;  
When cru - ci - fied, for us He died From sin our souls to sev - er;



The mocker's scorn, the scourge, the thorn, Which wait Him on the morrow.  
With fear - ful woes His cup o'erflows, His heart is nigh to breaking.  
The priest - ly jeer, the Ro - man spear Are way - marks to His glo - ry.  
Our Ad - vo - cate at mercy's gate, He will re - main for - ev - er.



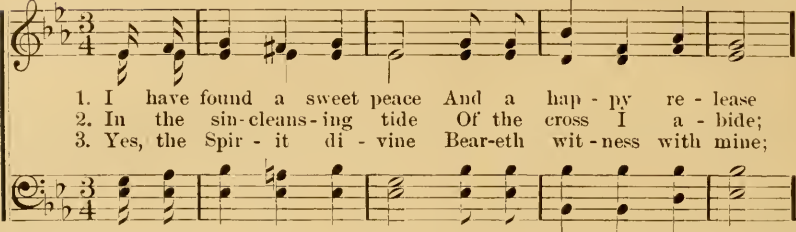


## No. 5.

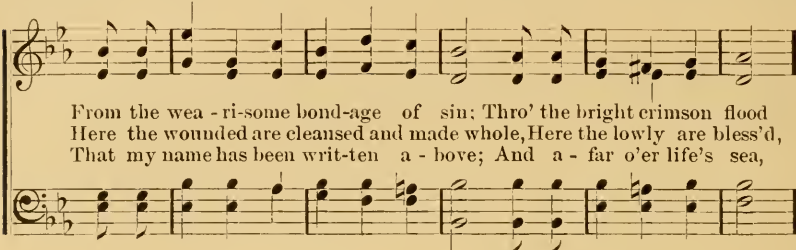
## Ransomed and Saved.

"And they sung a new song saying—thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."—Rev. 5: 9.

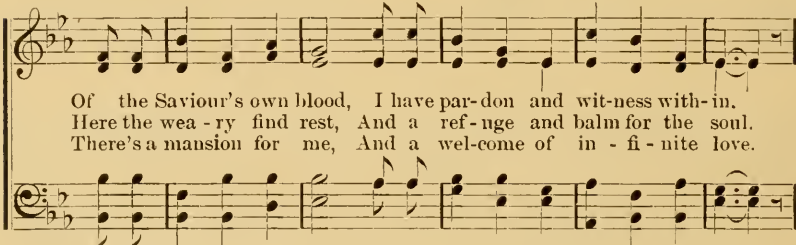
Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



1. I have found a sweet peace And a hap - py re - lease  
2. In the sin - cleans - ing tide Of the cross I a - bide;  
3. Yes, the Spir - it di - vine Bear-eth wit - ness with mine;

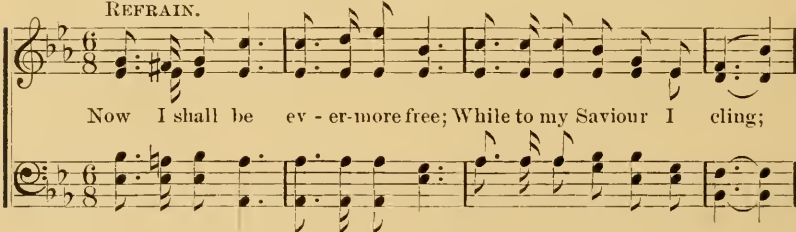


From the wea - ri - some bond - age of sin; Thro' the bright crimson flood  
Here the wounded are cleansed and made whole, Here the lowly are bless'd,  
That my name has been writ - ten a - bove; And a - far o'er life's sea,

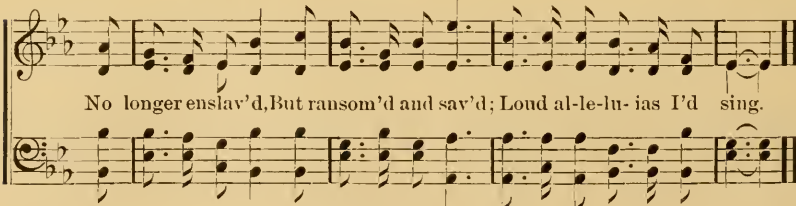


Of the Saviour's own blood, I have par - don and wit - ness with - in.  
Here the wea - ry find rest, And a ref - uge and balm for the soul.  
There's a mansion for me, And a wel - come of in - fi - nite love.

## REFRAIN.



Now I shall be ev - er - more free; While to my Saviour I cling;



No longer enslav'd, But ransom'd and sav'd; Loud al - le - lu - ias I'd sing.

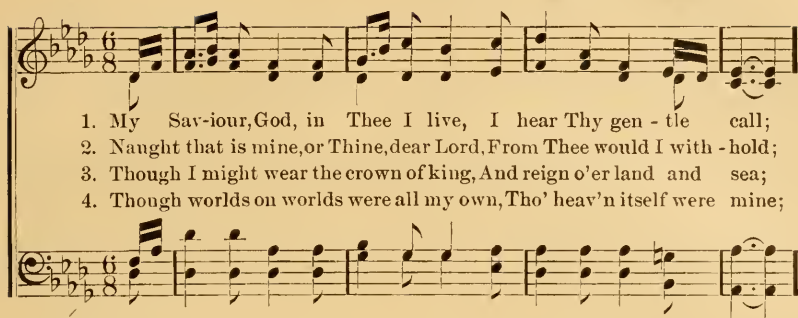
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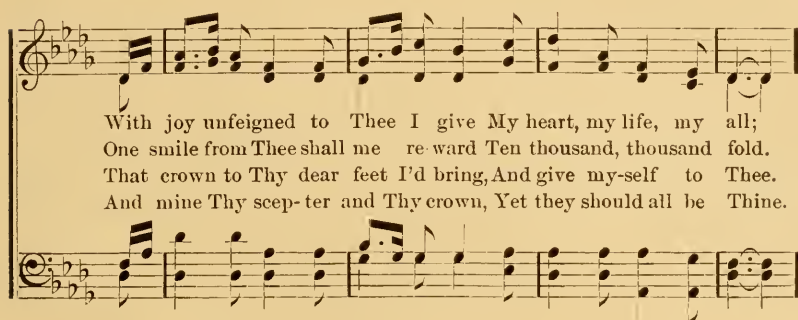
## No. 6.

## My Life, My All for Jesus.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.

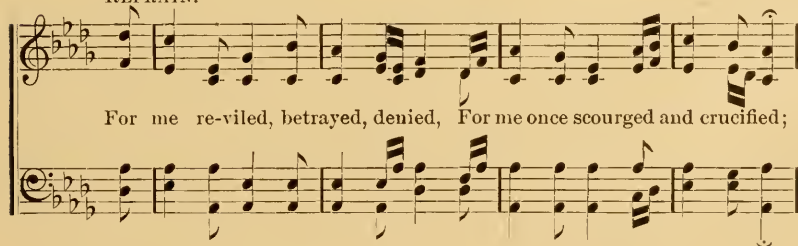


1. My Sav-iour, God, in Thee I live, I hear Thy gen-tle call;  
 2. Naught that is mine, or Thine, dear Lord, From Thee would I with-hold;  
 3. Though I might wear the crown of king, And reign o'er land and sea;  
 4. Though worlds on worlds were all my own, Tho' heav'n itself were mine;

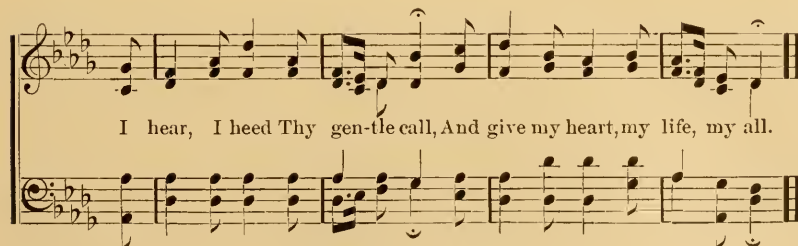


With joy unfeigned to Thee I give My heart, my life, my all;  
 One smile from Thee shall me re-ward Ten thousand, thousand fold.  
 That crown to Thy dear feet I'd bring, And give my-self to Thee.  
 And mine Thy scap-ter and Thy crown, Yet they should all be Thine.

## REFRAIN.



For me re-viled, betrayed, denied, For me once scourged and crucified;



I hear, I heed Thy gen-tle call, And give my heart, my life, my all.

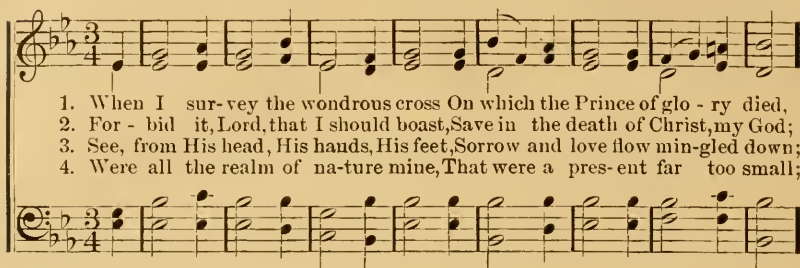
## No. 7.

## The Prince of Glory.

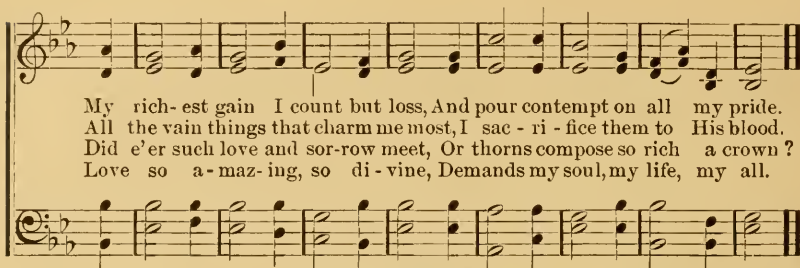
"The Prince of life whom God hath raised from the dead."—Acts 3 : 15.

ISAAC WATTS.

C. W. RAY.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,  
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow min-gled down;  
4. Were all the realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



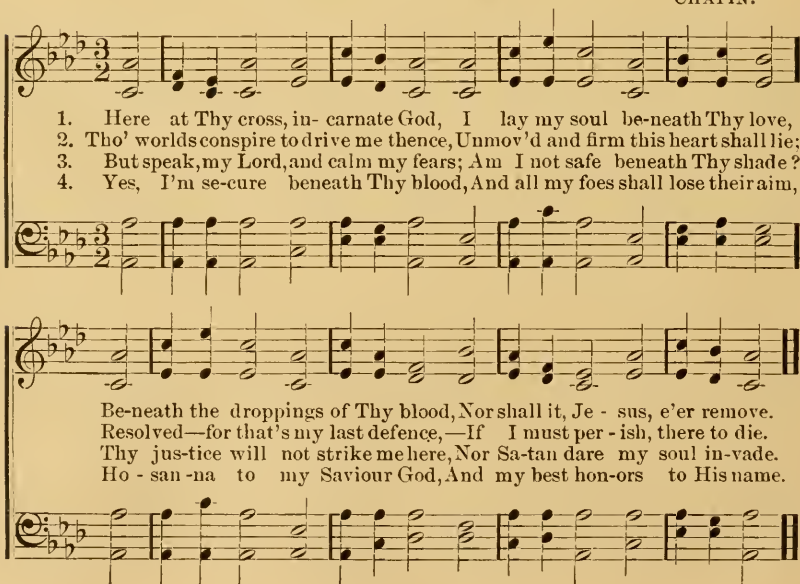
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.  
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

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## No. 8.

## Beneath the Blood.

CHAPIN.




1. Here at Thy cross, in-carnate God, I lay my soul be-neath Thy love,  
2. Tho' worlds conspire to drive me thence, Unmov'd and firm this heart shall lie;  
3. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fears; Am I not safe beneath Thy shade?  
4. Yes, I'm se-secure beneath Thy blood, And all my foes shall lose their aim,


Be-neath the droppings of Thy blood, Nor shall it, Je - sus, e'er remove.  
Resolved—for that's my last defence,—If I must per - ish, there to die.  
Thy jus-tice will not strike me here, Nor Sa-tan dare my soul in-vade.  
Ho - san-na to my Saviour God, And my best hon-ors to His name.

# No. 9. The Story That Never Grows Old.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.




1. There's a won - der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry of love, The half of which  
 2. From the throne of His glo - ry to suf - fer and die, To res - cue from  
 3. He hath o - pened a sin - cleansing foun - tain for all, And there the lost  
 4. He will soon for His ransomed be com - ing a - gain, And toils and temp -

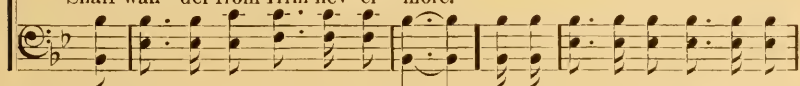
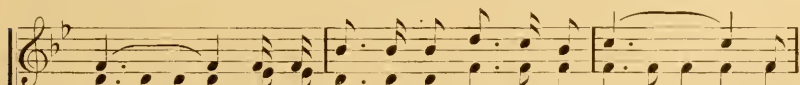


nev - er was told; 'Tis of our Re - deem - er who came from a - bove,  
 death and the grave, His scep - ter and crown and bright robes were laid by,  
 sin - ner may go; And freed from the curse and the stains of the fall,  
 ta - tions be o'er: Then we shall be - hold Him, be like Him, and then,

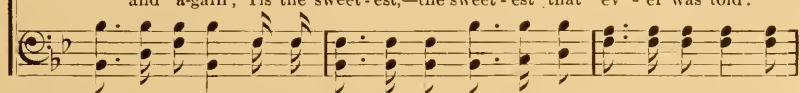

CHORUS.



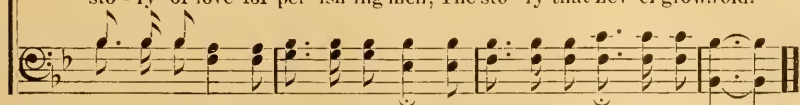
A sto - ry that nev - er grows old.  
 The wayward wand'ring to save. } We will sing it and tell it a -  
 Be saved and made whit - er than snow.  
 Shall wan - der from Him nev - er - more.

gain;..... 'Tis the sweet - est that ev - er was told;..... The  
 and a - gain; 'Tis the sweet - est, — the sweet - est that ev - er was told:

sto - ry of love for per - ish - ing men; The sto - ry that nev - er grows old.



## No. 10.

## The Living Bread.

"I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever."—John 6: 51.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.

1. Je - sus, Thou true and Living Bread Of which in spir - it we partake,  
 2. Thy sa - cred bod - y on the tree, Brok - en by scourge, by nails, and spear,  
 3. Thou art the true and living Vine; Thy life thro' all our be - ing flow,  
 4. The em - blem of Thy blood supplies A vis - ion of dark Cal - va - ry,

On which in emblem we are fed, Thy lips and hands didst bless and break.  
 With solemn awe we seem to see, While to this ta - ble we draw near.  
 Make us to share that life di - vine, Then we in Thee may fruit - ful grow.  
 It points to Thy great sac - ri - fice, And this shall its me - mo - rial be.

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## No. 11.

## Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
 2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no languor know,  
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,

*D. C.*—Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

*D. C.*—In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.

*D. C.*—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

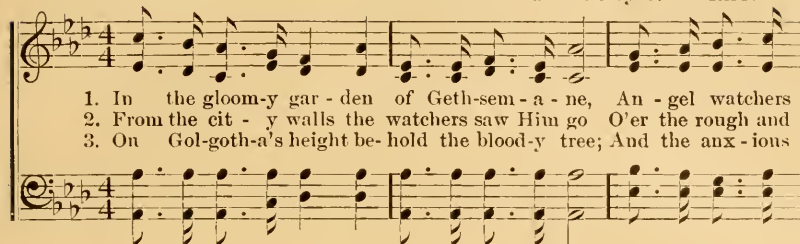
*D. C.*  
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side that flowed,  
 This for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;  
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

## No. 12.

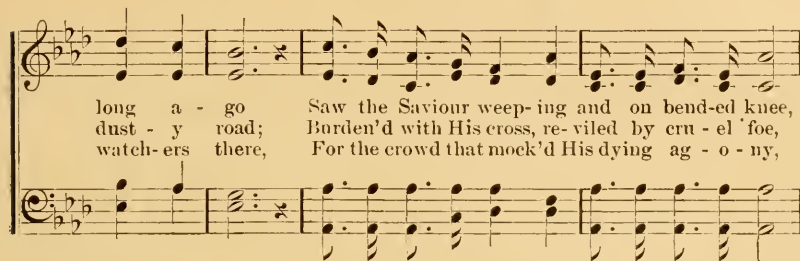
## Calvary Foreshadowed.

"And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."—Matt. 26: 39.

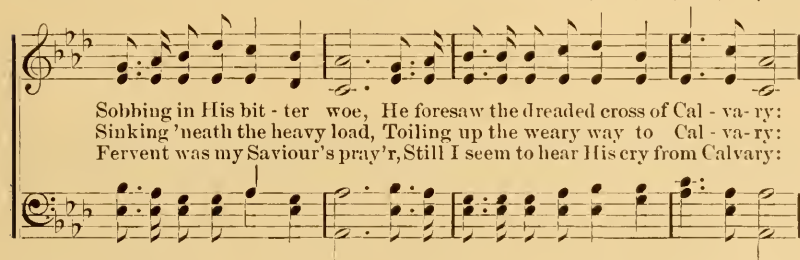
Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



1. In the gloom-y gar-den of Geth-sem-a-ne, An-gel watchers  
2. From the cit-y walls the watchers saw Him go O'er the rough and  
3. On Gol-both-a's height be-hold the blood-y tree; And the anx-ious

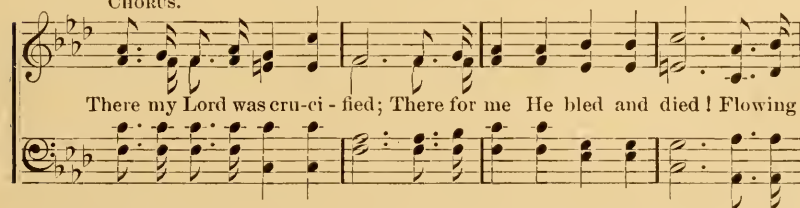


long a-go Saw the Saviour weep-ing and on bend-ed knee,  
dust-y road; Borden'd with His cross, re-viled by cru-el' foe,  
watch-ers there, For the crowd that mock'd His dy-ing ag-o-ny,

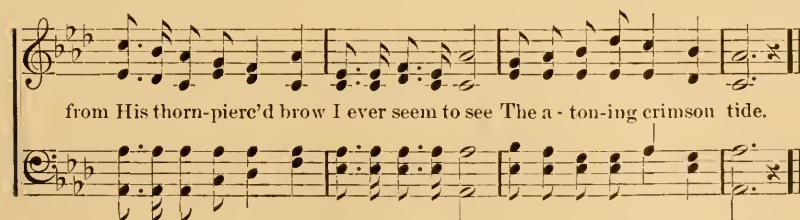


Sobbing in His bit-ter woe, He foresaw the dreaded cross of Cal-va-ry:  
Sinking 'neath the heavy load, Toiling up the weary way to Cal-va-ry:  
Fervent was my Saviour's pray'r, Still I seem to hear His cry from Calvary:

## CHORUS.



There my Lord was cru-ci-fied; There for me He bled and died! Flowing



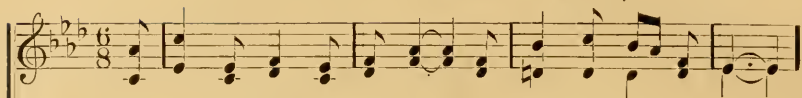
from His thorn-pierc'd brow I ever seem to see The a-ton-ing crimson tide.



## No. 13.

## Christ's Condescension.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



1. A - lone! from heav'n de-scend-ing, The dear Re-deem-er came,
2. A - lone! in deep-est sor-row, In dark Geth-sem-a - ne;
3. A - lone! and His heart break-ing, Nail'd to the blood-y tree;
4. A - lone! of God for-sak-en, He bow'd His thorn-crown'd head;



Our fall-en race be-friend-ing, All glo-ry to His name!  
 Ap-pall'd by what the mor-row To burden'd hearts must be;  
 A - lone, and Cal-v'ry quak-ing, As mock-ers bend the knee;  
 In tri-umph to a-wak-en All glo-rious from the dead;



An ex-ile and a stran-ger, He sought no king-ly hall;  
 Fore-see-ing all the an-guish, The dread-ed cup of woe;  
 And lo! while in-ter-ced-ing For souls in Sa-tan's thrall,  
 And soon in love most ten-der He will in glo-ry come,



His couch was but a man-ger, Tho' Prince and Lord of all!  
 The cross where He must lan-guish, The bit-ter tears to flow.  
 Tho' mock'd and bruise'd and bleeding, His lips are stain'd with gall!  
 In robes of daz-zling splen-dor, To bring His peo-ple home.



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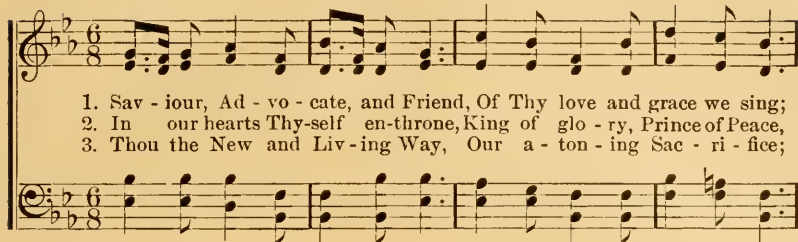


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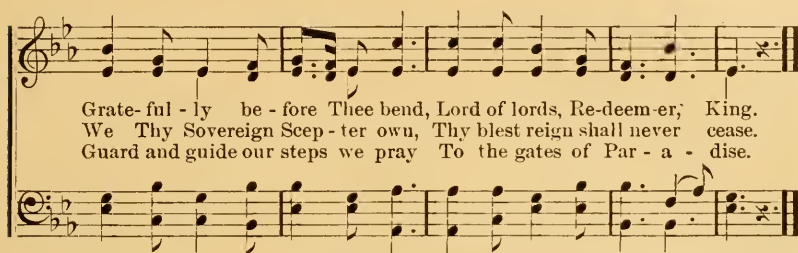
## Advocate and Friend.

"Christ—maketh intercession for us,"—Rom. 8: 34.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



1. Sav - iour, Ad - vo - cate, and Friend, Of Thy love and grace we sing;  
 2. In our hearts Thy-self en-throne, King of glo - ry, Prince of Peace,  
 3. Thou the New and Liv - ing Way, Our a - ton - ing Sac - ri - fice;



Grate - ful - ly be - fore Thee bend, Lord of lords, Re-deem-er, King.  
 We Thy Sovereign Scep - ter own, Thy blest reign shall never cease.  
 Guard and guide our steps we pray To the gates of Par - a - dise.

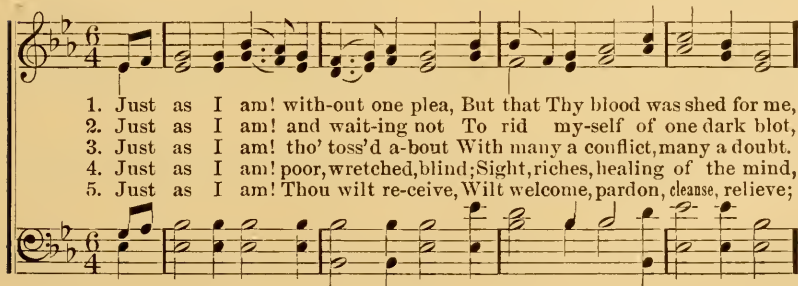
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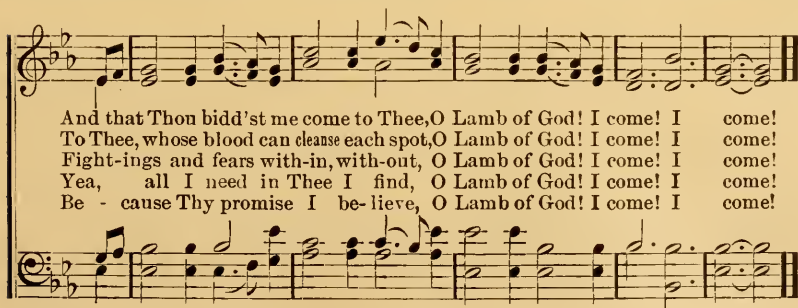
## Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

WM. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my-self of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 5. Just as I am! Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;



And that Thon bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
 Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
 Yea, all I need in Thee I find, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
 Be - cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

## No. 16.

## Until He Come.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.

1. For thee, my soul, for thee, for thee, His blood was shed on Cal-va-ry;  
 2. For whom thy Lord was cru-ci-fied, For whom He suffered, bled and died,  
 3. What tongue can tell the debt we owe? What grace can keep our hearts aglow,  
 4. Un-til He come! how sweet the sound! May we in wor-thy deeds a-bound,  
 5. Yes, He will come, whom we a-dore, And all our tri-als will be o'er,

Thy sac-ri-fice for sin to be, Un-til He come.  
 His wings a shel-ter will pro-vide, Un-til He come.  
 That we our love for Him may show, Un-til He come?  
 And free from stain of sin be found, Un-til He come.  
 And we be blest for ev-er-more; For He will come.

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## No. 17.

## The Holy Spirit Sought.

VON WARTENSEE.

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, from on high, O'er us bend a pity-ing eye;  
 2. Light up ev-'ry dark re-cess Of our hearts' un-god-li-ness;  
 3. Teach us, with re-pent-ant grief, Humbly to im-plore re-lief;  
 4. May we dai-ly grow in grace, And pur-sue the heavenly race,

Cleanse, re-fresh the droop-ing heart; Bid the power of sin de-part.  
 Show us ev-'ry de-vi-ous way Where our steps have gone as-tray.  
 Then the Sav-iour's blood re-veal, And our bro-ken spir-its heal.  
 Trained in wis-dom, led by love, Till we reach our rest a-bove.

## No. 18.

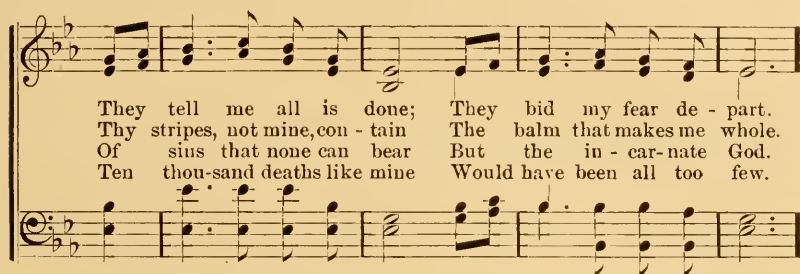
## Jesus Paid it All.

HORATIUS BONAR.

J. T. GRAPE, by per.

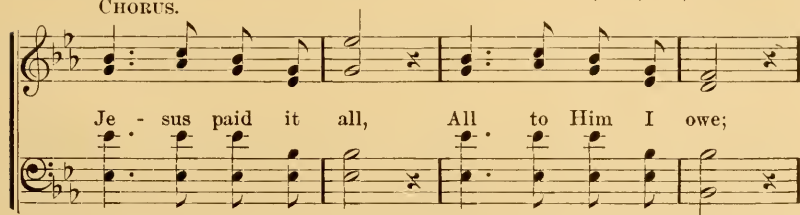


1. Thy works, not mine, O Christ! Speak glad - ness to this heart;  
 2. Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ, Can heal my bruised soul;  
 3. Thy cross, not mine, O Christ, Has borne the aw - ful load  
 4. Thy death, not mine, O Christ, Has paid the ran - som due;

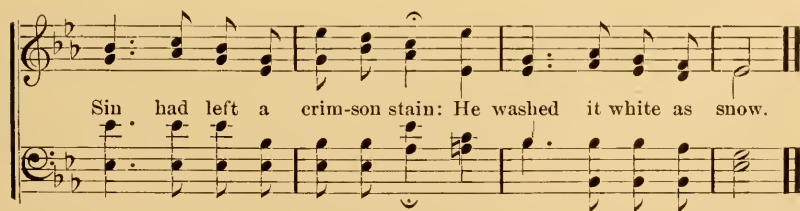


They tell me all is done; They bid my fear de - part.  
 Thy stripes, not mine, con - tain The balm that makes me whole.  
 Of sins that none can bear But the in - car - nate God.  
 Ten thou - sand deaths like mine Would have been all too few.

## CHORUS.



Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;



Sin had left a crim-son stain: He washed it white as snow.

## No. 19.

## I Hear the Saviour Say.

- 1 I hear the Saviour say,  
 Thy strength indeed is small;  
 Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
 Find in Me thine all in all.
- 2 Lord, now indeed I find  
 Thy power, and Thine alone,  
 Can change the leper's spots,  
 And melt the heart of stone.

- 3 When from my dying bed  
 My ransomed soul shall rise,  
 Then "Jesus died for me"  
 Shall rend the vaulted skies.
- 4 And when before the throne  
 I stand in Him complete,  
 I'll lay my trophies down,  
 All down at Jesus' feet.

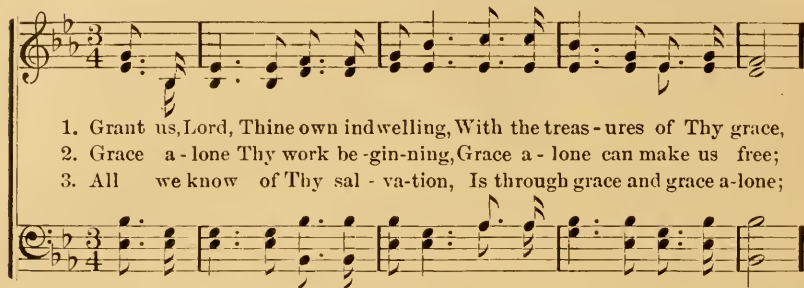
Mrs. Elvina M. Hall.

## No. 20.

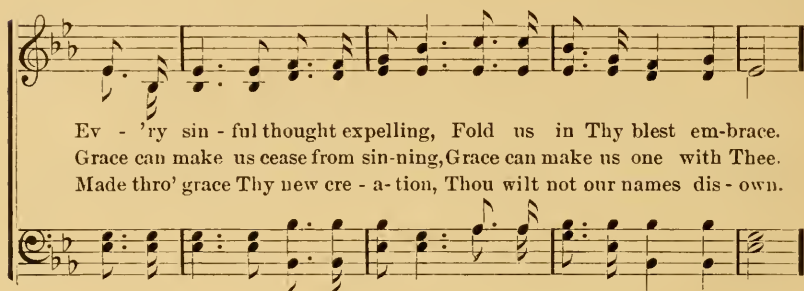
## Saved by Grace.

"By grace are ye saved, through faith—it is the gift of God."—Eph. 2: 8.

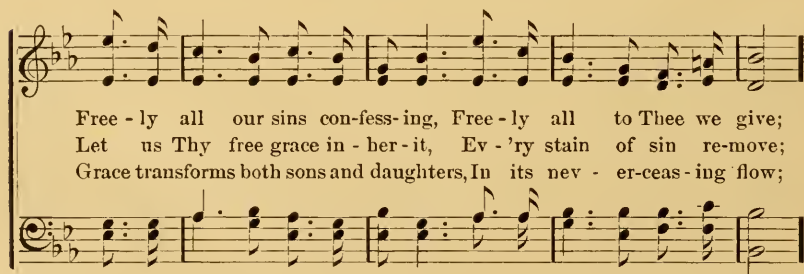
Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



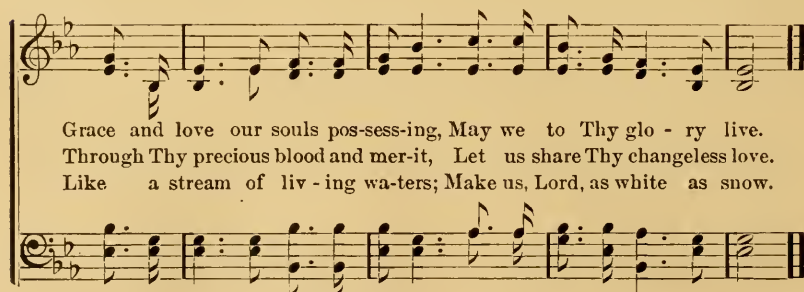
1. Grant us, Lord, Thine own indwelling, With the treasures of Thy grace,  
 2. Grace a-lone Thy work be-gin-ning, Grace a-lone can make us free;  
 3. All we know of Thy sal-vation, Is through grace and grace a-lone;



Ev - 'ry sin - ful thought expelling, Fold us in Thy blest em-brace.  
 Grace can make us cease from sin-ning, Grace can make us one with Thee.  
 Made thro' grace Thy new cre - a - tion, Thou wilt not our names dis - own.



Free - ly all our sins con-fess-ing, Free - ly all to Thee we give;  
 Let us Thy free grace in - her - it, Ev - 'ry stain of sin re-move;  
 Grace transforms both sons and daughters, In its nev - er-ceas - ing flow;



Grace and love our souls pos-sess-ing, May we to Thy glo - ry live.  
 Through Thy precious blood and mer-it, Let us share Thy changeless love.  
 Like a stream of liv - ing wa-ters; Make us, Lord, as white as snow.

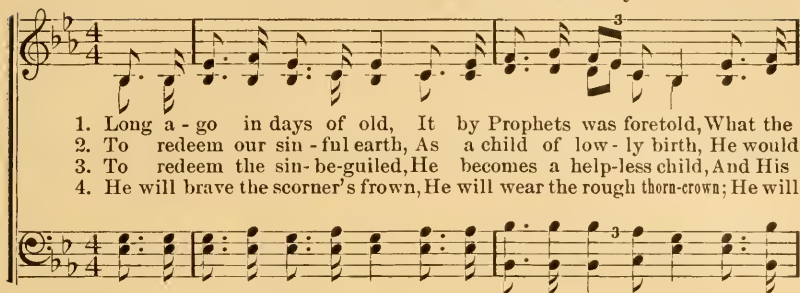
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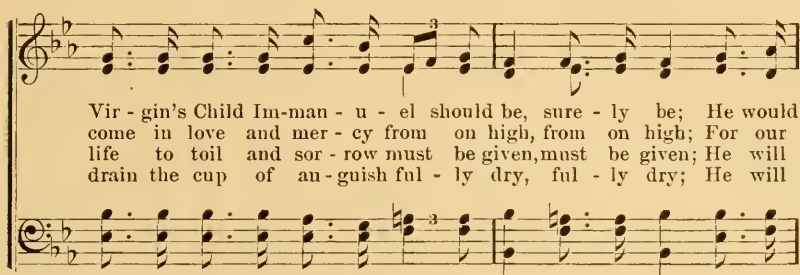
## Jesus Redeems His Own.

"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law."—Gal. 3: 13.

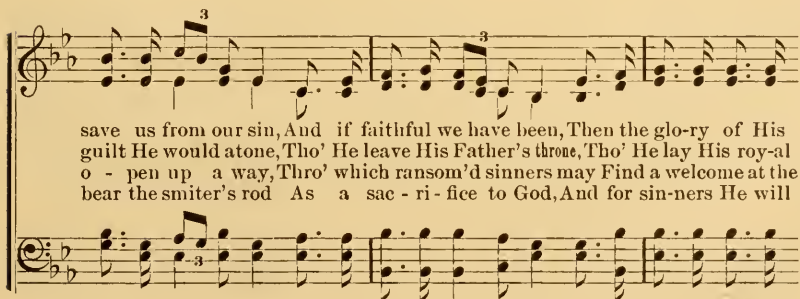
Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



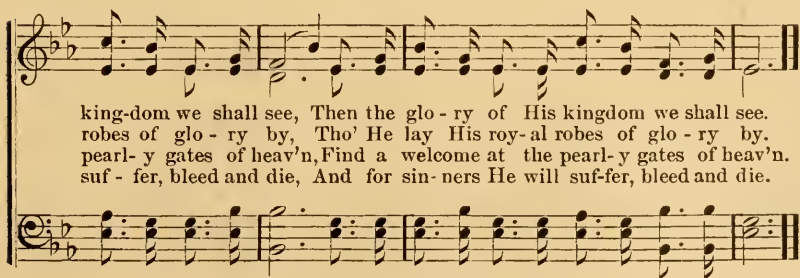
1. Long a - go in days of old, It by Prophets was foretold, What the  
2. To redeem our sin - ful earth, As a child of low - ly birth, He would  
3. To redeem the sin - be - guiled, He becomes a help - less child, And His  
4. He will brave the scorner's frown, He will wear the rough thorn - crown; He will



Vir - gin's Child Im - man - u - el should be, sure - ly be; He would  
come in love and mer - cy from on high, from on high; For our  
life to toil and sor - row must be given, must be given; He will  
drain the cup of au - guish ful - ly dry, ful - ly dry; He will



save us from our sin, And if faithful we have been, Then the glo - ry of His  
guilt He would atone, Tho' He leave His Father's throne, Tho' He lay His roy - al  
o - pen up a way, Thro' which ransom'd sinners may Find a welcome at the  
bear the smiter's rod As a sac - ri - fice to God, And for sin - ners He will



king - dom we shall see, Then the glo - ry of His kingdom we shall see.  
robes of glo - ry by, Tho' He lay His roy - al robes of glo - ry by.  
pearl - y gates of heav'n, Find a welcome at the pearl - y gates of heav'n.  
suf - fer, bleed and die, And for sin - ners He will suf - fer, bleed and die.

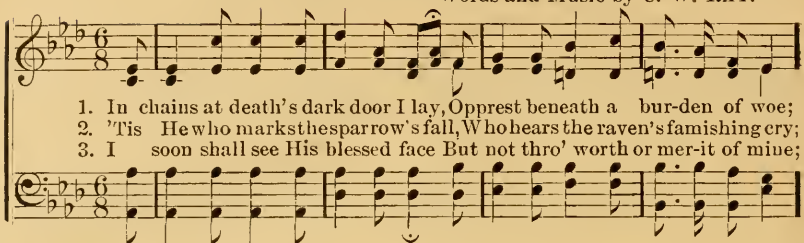
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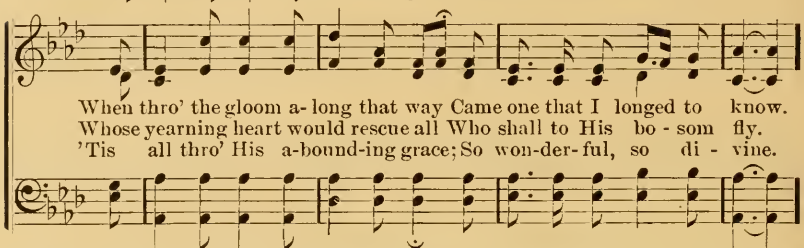
## No. 22.

## One That I Longed to Know.

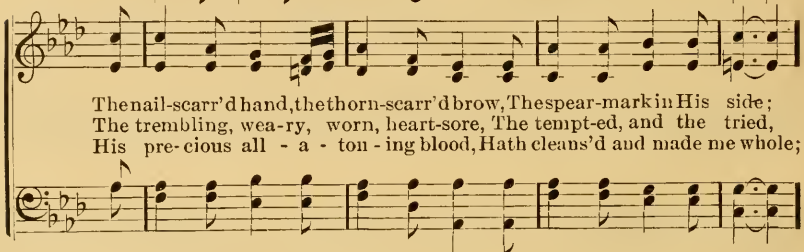
Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



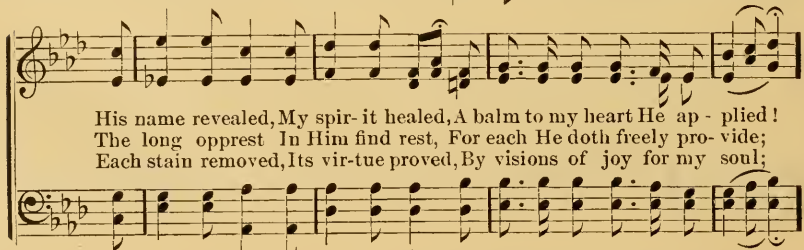
1. In chains at death's dark door I lay, Opprest beneath a bur-den of woe;  
 2. 'Tis He who marksthesparrow's fall, Who hears the raven's famishing cry;  
 3. I soon shall see His blessed face But not thro' worth or mer-it of mine;



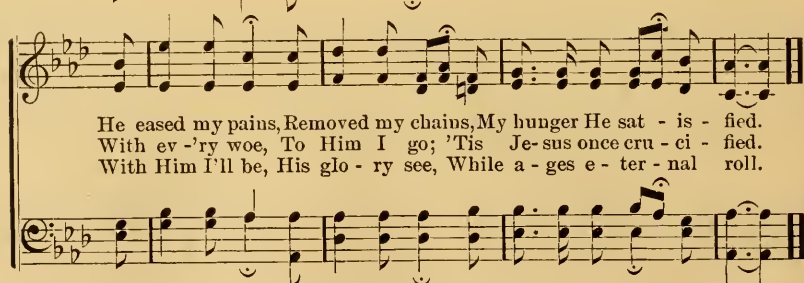
When thro' the gloom a-long that way Came one that I longed to know.  
 Whose yearning heart would rescue all Who shall to His bo-som fly.  
 'Tis all thro' His a-bound-ing grace; So won-der-ful, so di-vine.



Thenail-scarr'd hand, the thorn-scarr'd brow, Thespear-mark in His side;  
 The trembling, wea-ry, worn, heart-sore, The tempt-ed, and the tried,  
 His pre-cious all - a - ton - ing blood, Hath cleans'd and made me whole;



His name revealed, My spir-it healed, A balm to my heart He ap-plied!  
 The long opprest In Him find rest, For each He doth freely pro-vide;  
 Each stain removed, Its vir-tue proved, By visions of joy for my soul;



He eased my pains, Removed my chains, My hunger He sat-is-fied.  
 With ev-'ry woe, To Him I go; 'Tis Je-sus once cru-ci-fied.  
 With Him I'll be, His glo-ry see, While a-ges e-ter-nal roll.



## No. 23.

## I Will Sing of My Saviour.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.

1. I will sing of my Sav-iour who suffered for me To save me from  
 2. I will sing of my bless-ed Re-deem-er and Lord, The price of my  
 3. I will sing of the Rock of my ref-uge and trust, When Sa-tan my

death and the grave, To a-tone for my sin He was nailed to the tree, But  
 ran-som He paid; I will trust to His sin-cleansing blood and His word, Of  
 soul shall as-sail; Tho' I stumble and fall I shall rise from the dust, He

## CHORUS.

liv-eth al-might-y to save. } I will sing of my Sav-iour for -  
 death I shall not be a-fraid. } for -  
 can-not a-against me pre-vail. }

ev-er, My lips shall His glo-ry pro-claim, His  
 ev-er and ev-er,

won-der-ful love is a feast for the soul, Hal-le-lu-jah, all praise to His name.

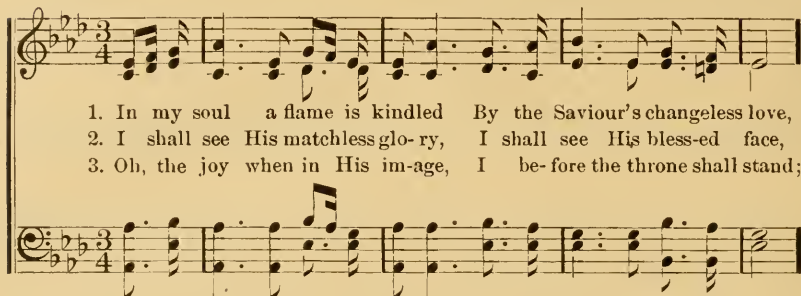
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## No. 24.

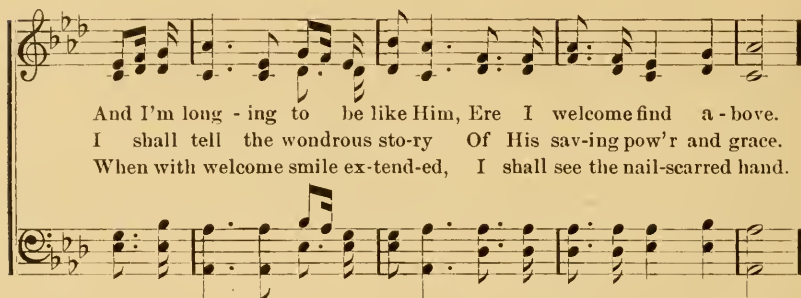
## I Shall Know Him.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."—1 John 3:2

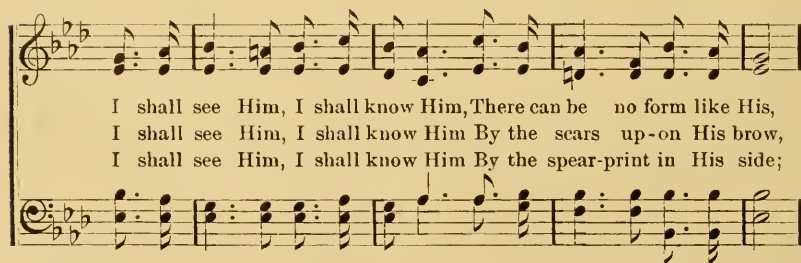
Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



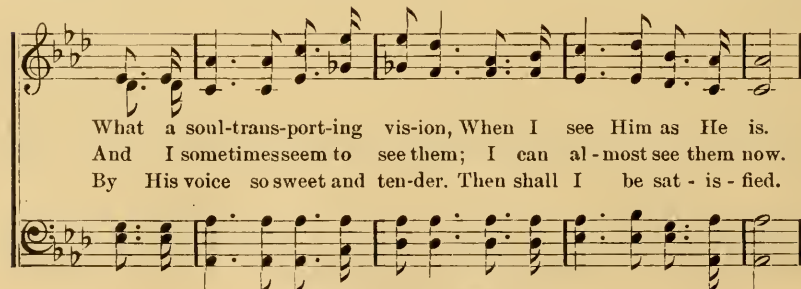
1. In my soul a flame is kindled By the Saviour's changeless love,  
2. I shall see His matchless glo-ry, I shall see His bless-ed face,  
3. Oh, the joy when in His im-age, I be-fore the throne shall stand;



And I'm long - ing to be like Him, Ere I welcome find a - bove.  
I shall tell the wondrous sto-ry Of His sav-ing pow'r and grace.  
When with welcome smile ex-tend-ed, I shall see the nail-scarred hand.



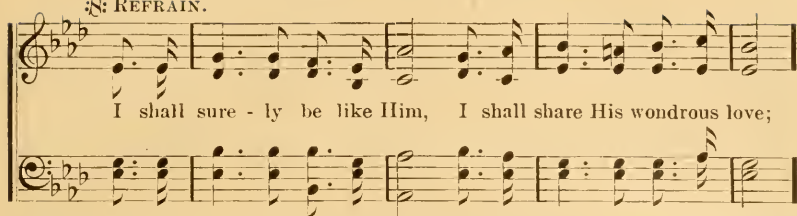
I shall see Him, I shall know Him, There can be no form like His,  
I shall see Him, I shall know Him By the scars up-on His brow,  
I shall see Him, I shall know Him By the spear-print in His side;



What a soul-trans-port-ing vis-ion, When I see Him as He is.  
And I sometimes seem to see them; I can al-most see them now.  
By His voice so sweet and ten-der. Then shall I be sat - is - fied.

## I Shall Know Him.—Concluded.

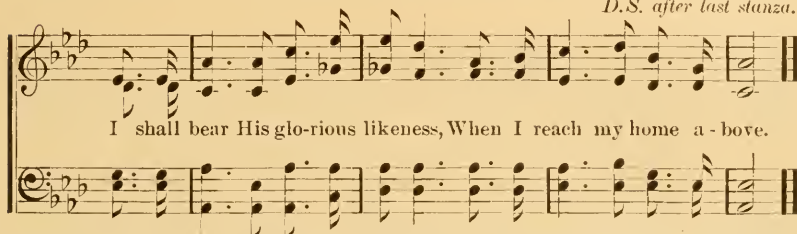
♩: REFRAIN.



I shall sure - ly be like Him, I shall share His wondrous love;

*D.S.*—He for me once bled and died, He for me was cru - ci - fied;

*D.S. after last stanza.*



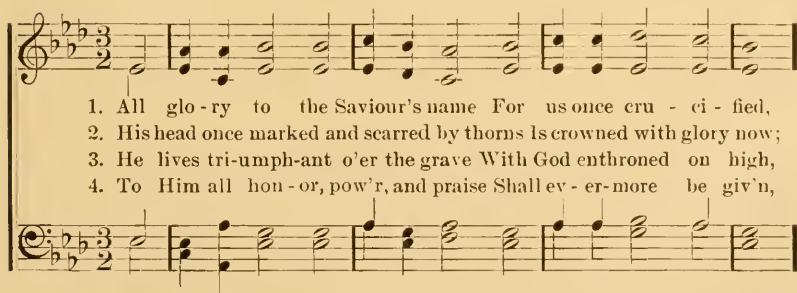
I shall bear His glo - rious likeness, When I reach my home a - bove.

And I sure - ly shall be with Him, And be more than sat - is - fied.

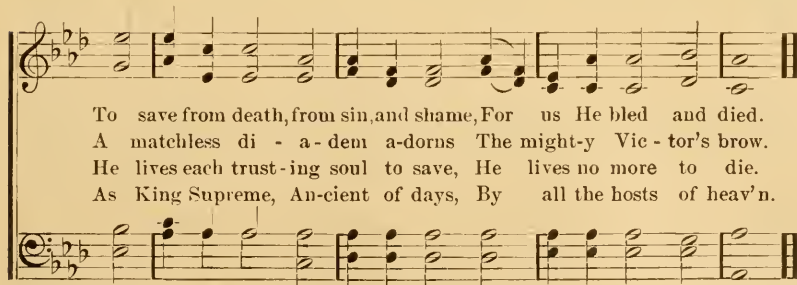
## No. 25. The Victor Crowned.

"I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."—Rev. 1: 18.

C. W. RAY.



1. All glo - ry to the Saviour's name For us once cru - ci - fied,
2. His head once marked and scarred by thorns is crowned with glory now;
3. He lives tri - umph - ant o'er the grave With God enthroned on high,
4. To Him all hon - or, pow'r, and praise Shall ev - er - more be giv'n,

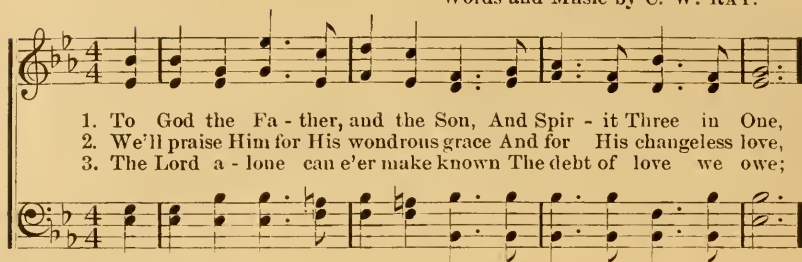


To save from death, from sin, and shame, For us He bled and died.  
A matchless di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow.  
He lives each trust - ing soul to save, He lives no more to die.  
As King Supreme, An - cient of days, By all the hosts of heav'n.

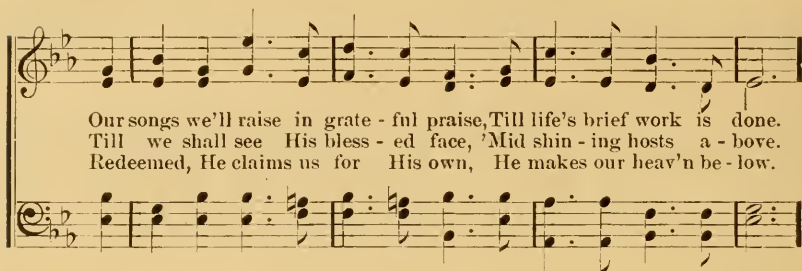
## No. 26.

## Praise the Lord.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.

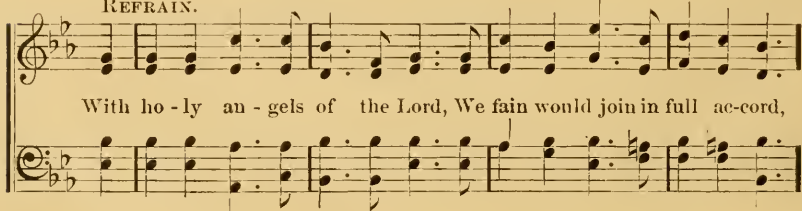


1. To God the Fa - ther, and the Son, And Spir - it Three in One,  
 2. We'll praise Him for His wondrous grace And for His changeless love,  
 3. The Lord a - lone can e'er make known The debt of love we owe;

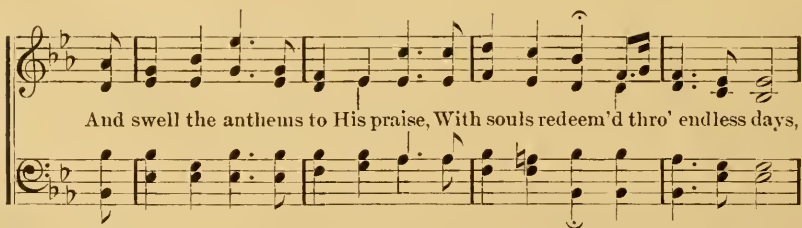


Our songs we'll raise in grate - ful praise, Till life's brief work is done.  
 Till we shall see His bless - ed face, 'Mid shin - ing hosts a - bove.  
 Redeemed, He claims us for His own, He makes our heav'n be - low.

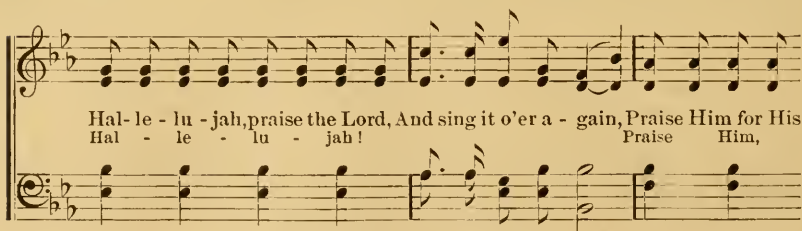
## REFRAIN.



With ho - ly an - gels of the Lord, We fain would join in full ac - cord,

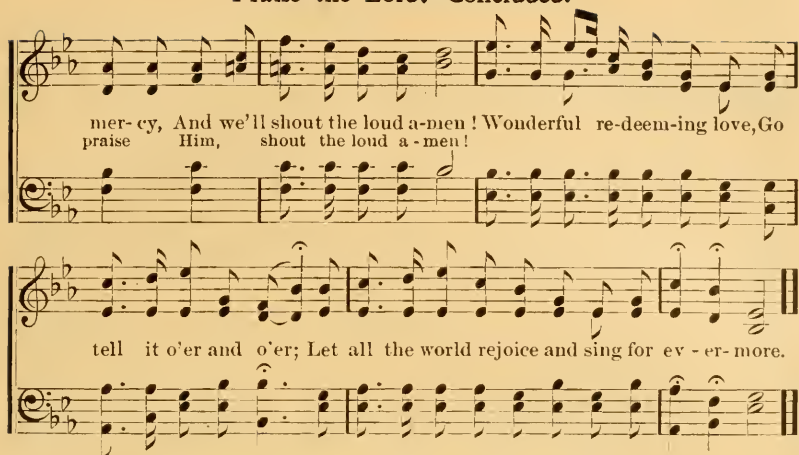


And swell the anthems to His praise, With souls redeem'd thro' endless days,



Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord, And sing it o'er a - gain, Praise Him for His  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise Him,

# Praise the Lord.—Concluded.



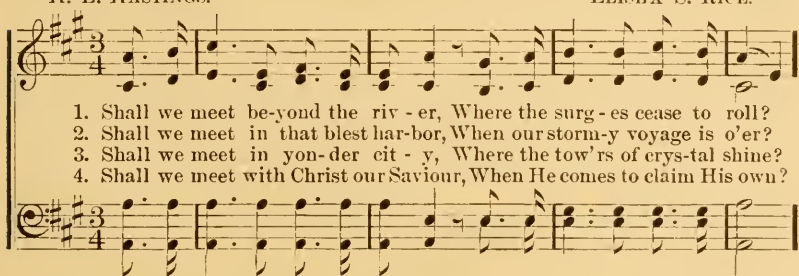
mer-cy, And we'll shout the loud a-mien! Wonderful re-deem-ing love, Go  
 praise Him, shout the loud a-men!

tell it o'er and o'er; Let all the world rejoice and sing for ev-er-more.

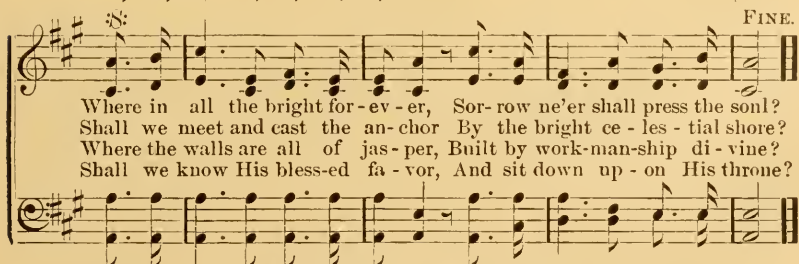
## No. 27. Shall We Meet Beyond the River?

H. L. HASTINGS.

ELISHA S. RICE.



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?



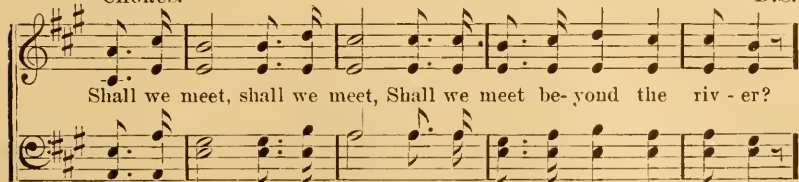
FINE.

Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?  
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the bright ce-les-tial shore?  
 Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?  
 Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?

*D.S.*—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?

CHORUS.

*D.S.*



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

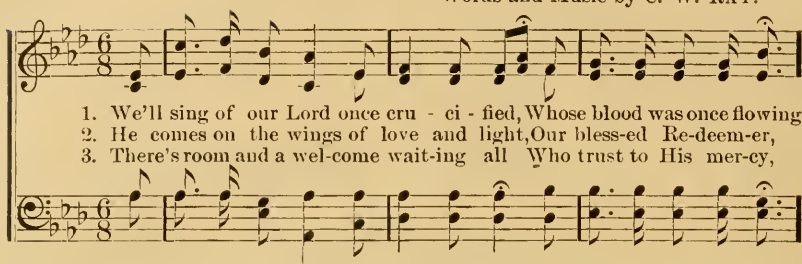
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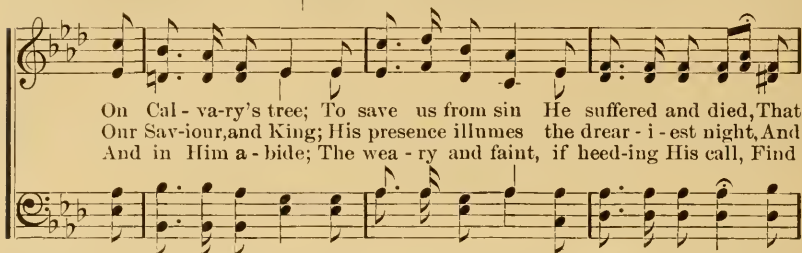
## No. 28.

## Almighty to Save.

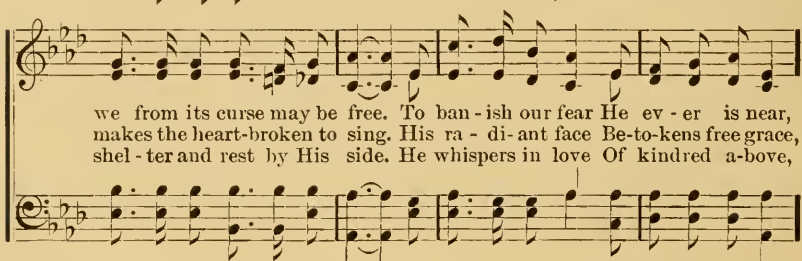
Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



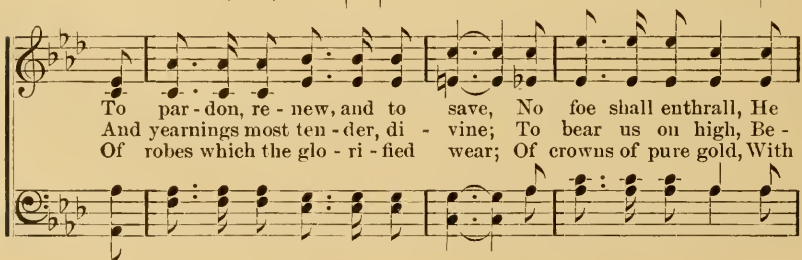
1. We'll sing of our Lord once cru - ci - fied, Whose blood was once flowing  
 2. He comes on the wings of love and light, Our bless-ed Re-deem-er,  
 3. There's room and a wel-come wait-ing all Who trust to His mer-cy,



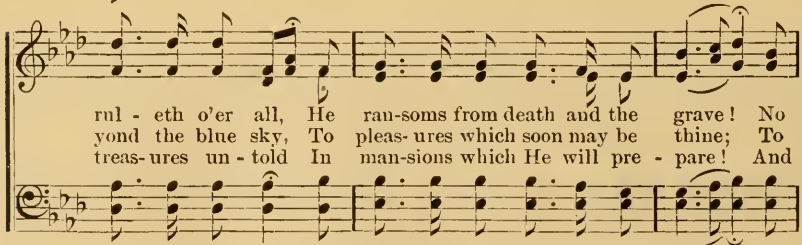
On Cal - va-ry's tree; To save us from sin He suffered and died, That  
 Our Sav-iour, and King; His presence illum- es the drear - i - est night, And  
 And in Him a - bide; The wea - ry and faint, if heed-ing His call, Find



we from its curse may be free. To ban - ish our fear He ev - er is near,  
 makes the heart-broken to sing, His ra - di - ant face Be - to - kens free grace,  
 shel - ter and rest by His side. He whispers in love Of kindred a - bove,



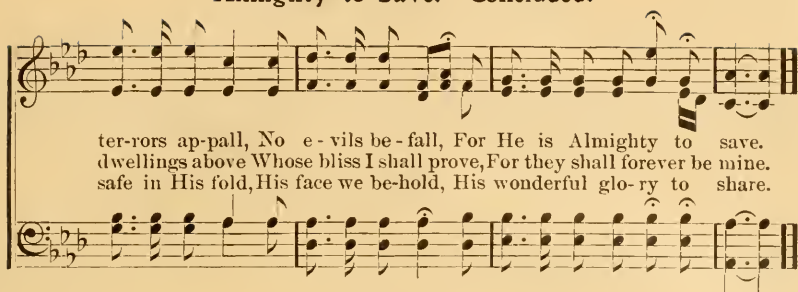
To par - don, re - new, and to save, No foe shall enthral, He  
 And yearnings most ten - der, di - vine; To bear us on high, Be -  
 Of robes which the glo - ri - fied wear; Of crowns of pure gold, With



rul - eth o'er all, He ran - soms from death and the grave! No  
 yond the blue sky, To pleas - ures which soon may be thine; To  
 treas - ures un - told In man - sions which He will pre - pare! And



# Almighty to Save.—Concluded.



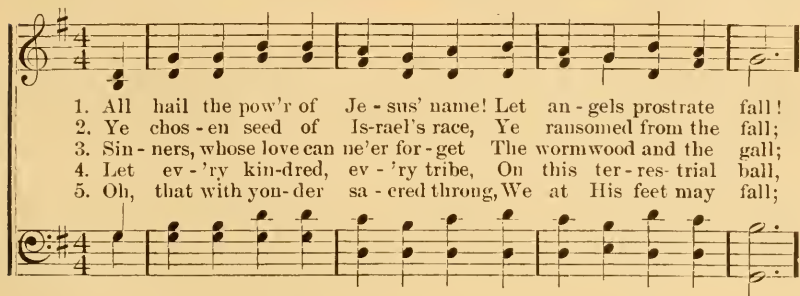
ter-rors ap-pall, No e - vils be - fall, For He is Almighty to save.  
 dwellings above Whose bliss I shall prove, For they shall forever be mine.  
 safe in His fold, His face we be-hold, His wonderful glo-ry to share.

No. 29.

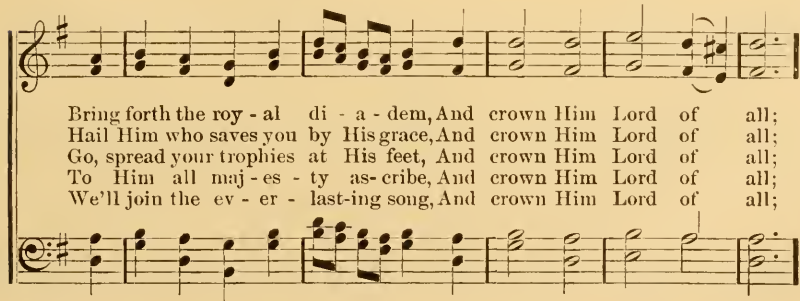
## Coronation.

EDWARD PERRONET.

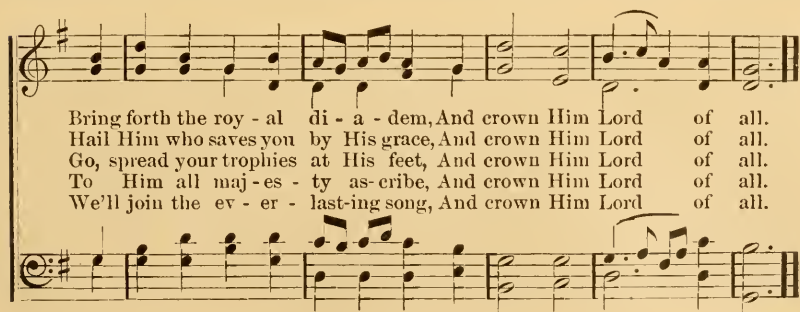
OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall!
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
4. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. Oh, that with you - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

## No. 30.

## The Saviour's Mission.

"The Son of man is come to save that which was lost."—Matt. 18: 11.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.

1. It was thro' rich-es of His sav-ing grace That Je-sus came the  
 2. It was His all-a-bound-ing grace a-lone That could in love de-

lost to save; That He ev-er could show a glad-some smil-ing face;  
 vise the plan, That by death and His precious blood He could a-tone

And that for us His life He gave; He can sin for-give, He can  
 For sin, and res-cue fall-en man. Hence to earth He came, Glo-ry

bid the sin-ner live; He can save believing souls from death and the grave.  
 to His precious name, And the wondrous sac-ri-fice of Je-sus be-gan.

*S:*  
 It is through His grace, Whol-ly through His wondrous grace That He  
*D.S.*—They can en-ter in, Who shall bear no stain of sin, But be-  
 What am I, dear Lord, That in Thy ex-alt-ed name Thou hast  
*D.S.*—What am I, dear Lord, What am I that I should be, With the

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## The Saviour's Mission.—Concluded.

1 *D.S.* 2

has pre-pared a place for the ho - ly;  
neath the cross have been (*Omit.....*) meek and low - ly.  
called me to pro-claim the glad sto - ry?  
glo - ri - fied and Thee (*Omit.....*) in Thy glo - ry?

## No. 31. Loving Kindness.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
2. He saw me ru - ined by the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all;  
3. Soon shall I pass the gloom-y vale; Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail:  
He just - ly claims a song from me! His lov - ing kind-ness, O how free!  
He saved me from my lost es - tate; His lov - ing kind-ness, O how great!  
O may my last, ex - pir-ing breath His lov - ing kind-ness sing in death.  
His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kindness, O how free!  
His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kindness, O how great!  
His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kindness sing in death.

## No. 32.

## Christ's Indwelling.

"If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—John 14 : 23.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.

1. With us, Lord, for - ev - er dwelling, All our doubts and fears dispelling,  
 2. Help us ful - ly to believe Thee And to grate-ful - ly receive Thee,  
 3. If our stubborn wills sub-du-ing, If our hardened hearts re-new-ing,

Ev - 'ry threat'ning tem-pest quelling, Which may well our hearts ap-pall;  
 Let us nev - er, nev - er grieve Thee; Our un-faith-ful-ness for-give;  
 If our way-ward souls im - bu - ing With Thy wondrous grace and love;

All Thy pre-cious-ness re-veal-ing, All our wounds in mer-cy healing,  
 O - pen ev - 'ry sea be-fore us, Raise some cloud of mer-cy o'er us,  
 Then from per - ils which ap-pall us, Naught of e - vil can be-fall us,

All our souls for glo - ry seal-ing, Let us nev - er, nev - er fall.  
 If we stray in love re-store us, To Thy praise help us to live.  
 And in mer - cy Thou wilt call us To our rest and home a-bove.

## No. 33.

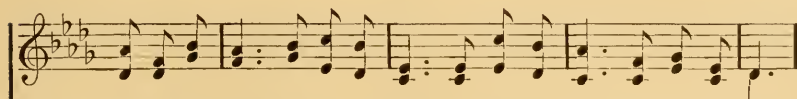
## Flow In, Flow In.

"I am the vine, and ye are the branches."—John 15: 5.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



1. O Christ of God, Thou liv-ing vine, Flow in up - on my thirst-y soul,
2. Flow in with all Thy quick'ning pow'r, Flow in up-on this life of mine;
3. Flow in, O Life divine, flow in, My yearning heart shall make Thee room;



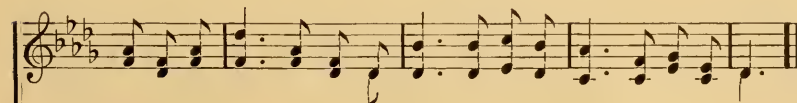
Flow in with wealth of love di-vine, Nor cease while end-less a - ges roll.  
Then fruitage shall from this glad hour Prove me a liv - ing branch of Thine.  
Transform my life, and free from sin, Make it like Par - a - dise to bloom.



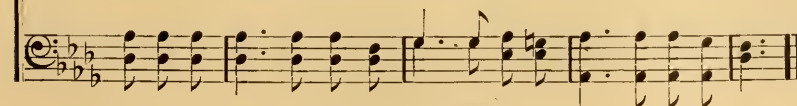
## REFRAIN.



O bless-ed Lord, Thou Life di-vine, Thro' all my in - most be-ing flow;



Flow in, the cleansing pow'r is Thine, O make me whit - er than the snow.



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## No. 34.

## Jesus Sought Me.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



1. Wand'ring in the des - ert drear-y, From the Shepherd's fold a - way;
2. Wretched, fam - ish-ing, heart-broken; Help-less in the tempter's snare;
3. Fear oppressed and sore-ly wounded, Naught could help or heal-ing give,



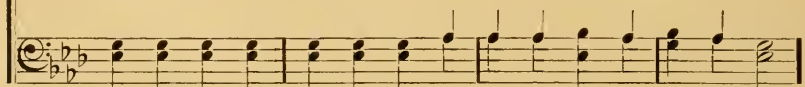
Bruis'd, be-wil-der'd, cold and wea-ry, Foot-sore, faint-ing, far a - stray!  
 Je - sus came with lov - ing to-ken, Je - sus saved me from de-spair.  
 By the gloom of death sur-round-ed, Je - sus bade me hope and live.



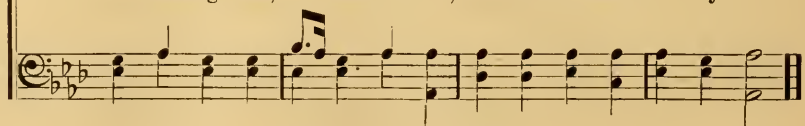
## CHORUS.



Clouds of doom seem'd gath'ring 'round me, And I knew not where to go;



Je - sus sought me, Je - sus found me; Je - sus ban-ished all my woe.



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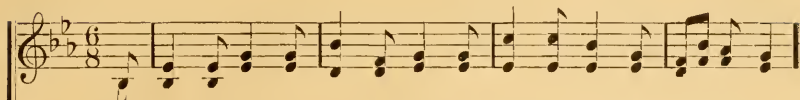


## No. 35.


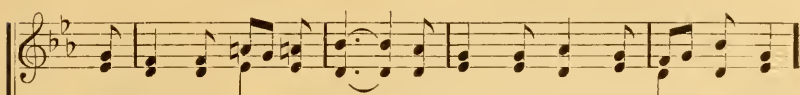
## The Lord Shall Come.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, ye may be also."—John 14 : 3.

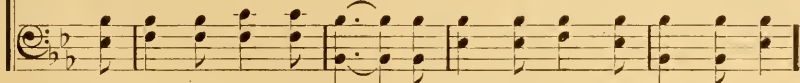

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.




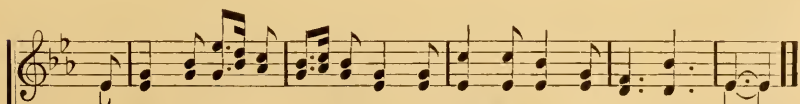
1. Re-joyce, re-joyce, the Lord shall come, To bring His ransomed people home,  
2. Re-joyce, re-joyce, with gladness sing! The hon-ors of our Saviour King  
3. Re-joyce, re-joyce, the earth shall quake, His voice the slumb'ring dead shall wake,

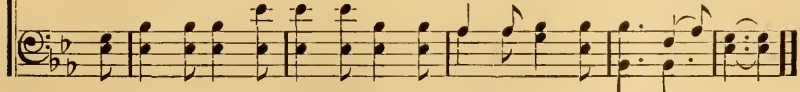
And we shall see His face; Be-fore the glo-ries of that day,  
O'er all the earth ex-tend; In won-drous res-ur-rec-tion pow'r  
And saints im-mor-tal rise; With Him in glo-ry they shall dwell,

The blush-ing stars shall flee a-way, And seek a hid-ing place!  
He shall in that e-vent-ful hour With an-gel hosts de-scend.  
And each with trembling trans-port swell The cho-rus of the skies.

Re-joyce, re-joyce, the Lord shall come, To bring His ransomed people home.

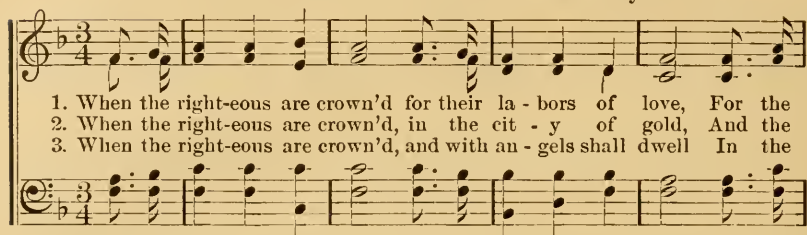


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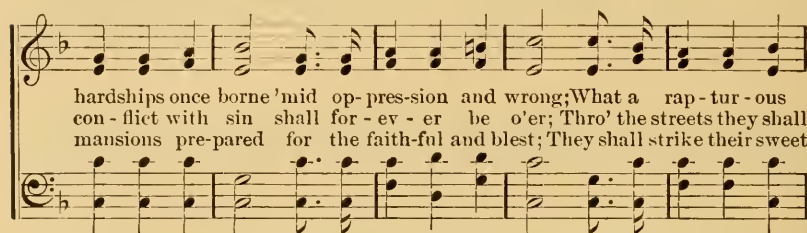
# No. 36. When the Righteous are Crowned.

"And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Pet. 5: 4.

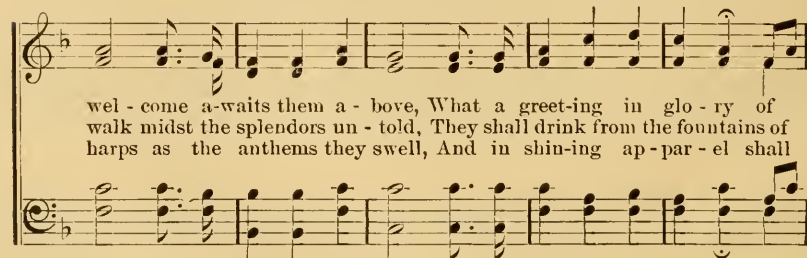
Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



1. When the right-eous are crown'd for their la - bors of love, For the  
 2. When the right-eous are crown'd, in the cit - y of gold, And the  
 3. When the right-eous are crown'd, and with an - gels shall dwell In the

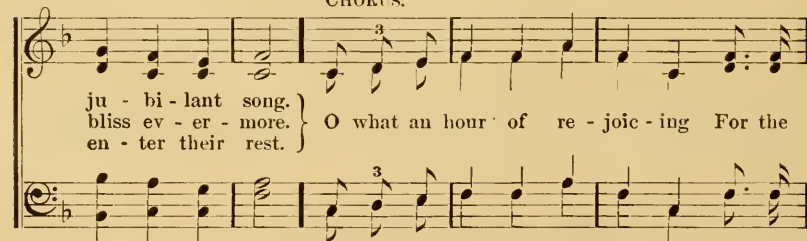


hardships once borne 'mid op - pres-sion and wrong; What a rap - tur - ous  
 con - flict with sin shall for - ev - er be o'er; Thro' the streets they shall  
 mansions pre - pared for the faith-ful and blest; They shall strike their sweet

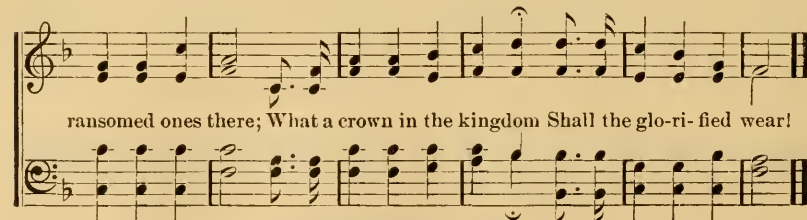


wel - come a-waits them a - bove, What a greet-ing in glo - ry of  
 walk midst the splendors un - told, They shall drink from the fountains of  
 harps as the anthems they swell, And in shin-ing ap - par - el shall

## CHORUS.



ju - bi - lant song.  
 bliss ev - er - more. } O what an hour of re - joic - ing For the  
 en - ter their rest. }



ransomed ones there; What a crown in the kingdom Shall the glo-ri-fied wear!

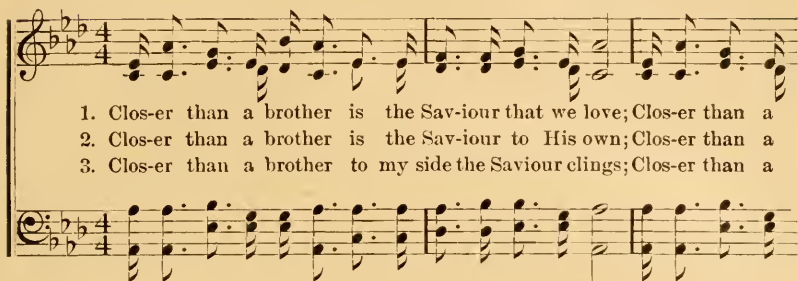
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## No. 37.

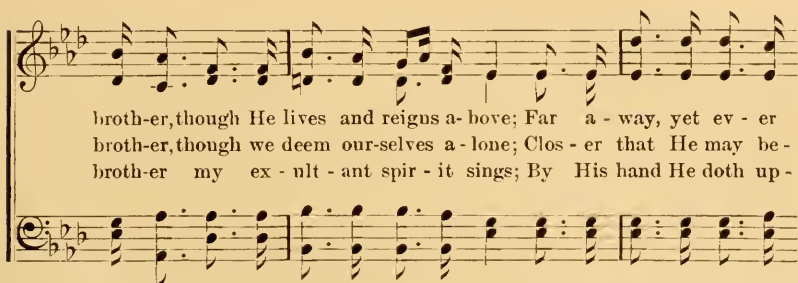
## Closer Than a Brother.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18 : 24.

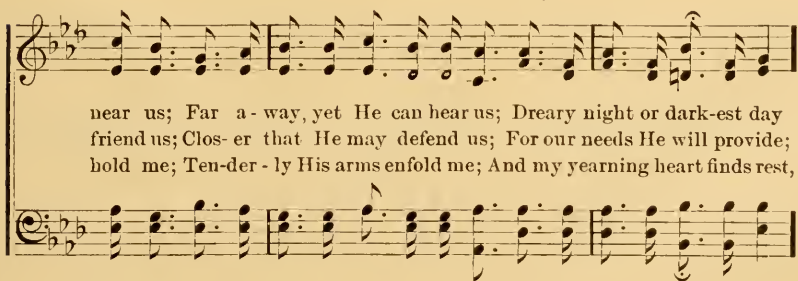
Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



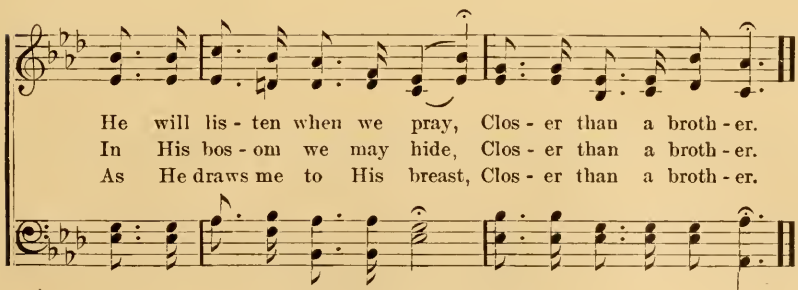
1. Clos-er than a brother is the Sav-iour that we love; Clos-er than a  
 2. Clos-er than a brother is the Sav-iour to His own; Clos-er than a  
 3. Clos-er than a brother to my side the Saviour clings; Clos-er than a



broth-er, though He lives and reigus a-bove; Far a-way, yet ev-er  
 broth-er, though we deem our-selves a-lone; Clos-er that He may be-  
 broth-er my ex-ult-ant spir-it sings; By His hand He doth up-



near us; Far a-way, yet He can hear us; Dreary night or dark-est day  
 friend us; Clos-er that He may defend us; For our needs He will provide;  
 hold me; Ten-der-ly His arms enfold me; And my yearning heart finds rest,



He will lis-ten when we pray, Clos-er than a broth-er.  
 In His bos-om we may hide, Clos-er than a broth-er.  
 As He draws me to His breast, Clos-er than a broth-er.

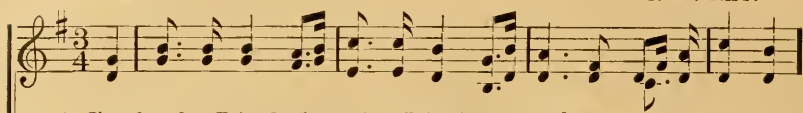
## No. 38.

## I've Found a Friend.

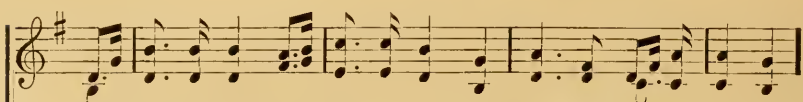
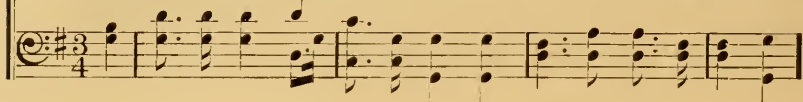
"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

J. G. SMALL.

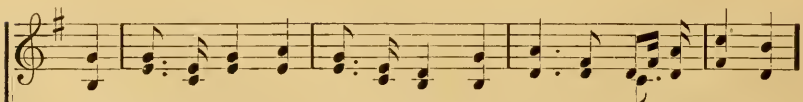
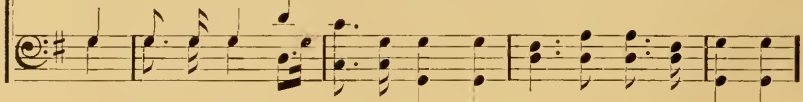
C. W. RAY.



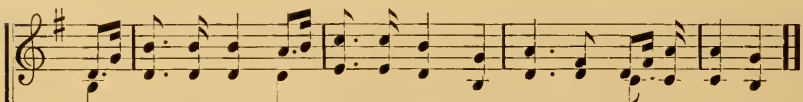
1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv-en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten-der;



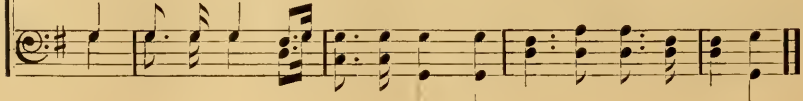
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.  
And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.  
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav-en.  
So wise a Coun-sel-lor and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er!



And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,  
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er:  
Th'e-ter-nal glo-ries gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:  
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev-er?



For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er, and for-ev-er.  
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.  
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.  
Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er.

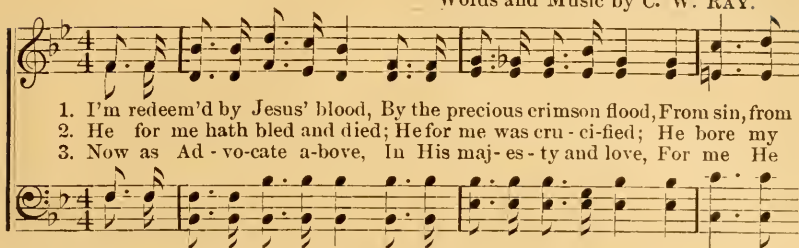


## No. 39.

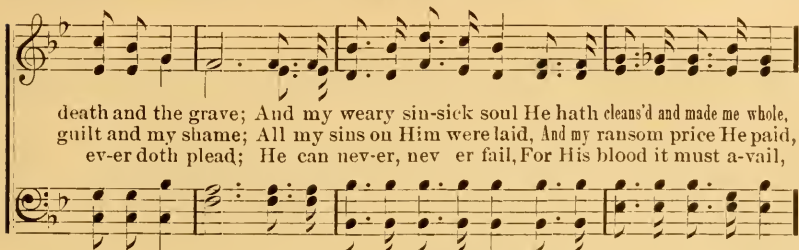
## I'm Redeemed.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace."—Eph. 1: 7.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.

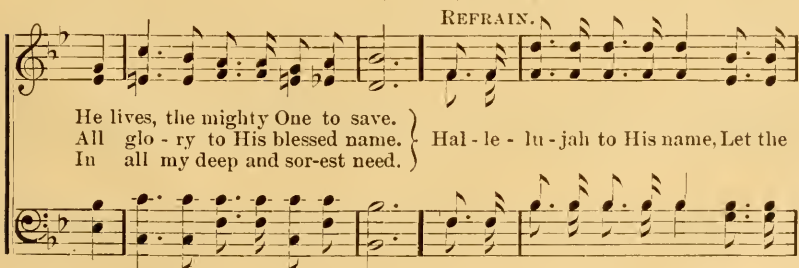


1. I'm redeem'd by Jesus' blood, By the precious crimson flood, From sin, from  
2. He for me hath bled and died; He for me was cru - ci - fied; He bore my  
3. Now as Ad - vo - cate a - bove, In His maj - es - ty and love, For me He

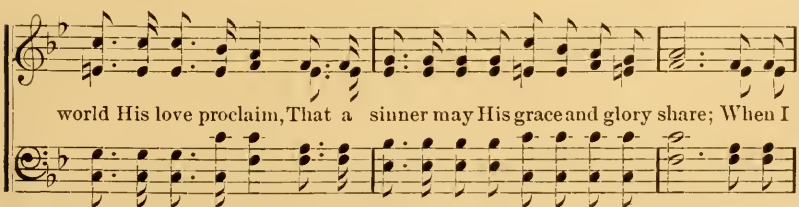


death and the grave; And my weary sin-sick soul He hath cleans'd and made me whole,  
guilt and my shame; All my sins on Him were laid, And my ransom price He paid,  
ev - er doth plead; He can nev - er, nev - er fail, For His blood it must a - vail,

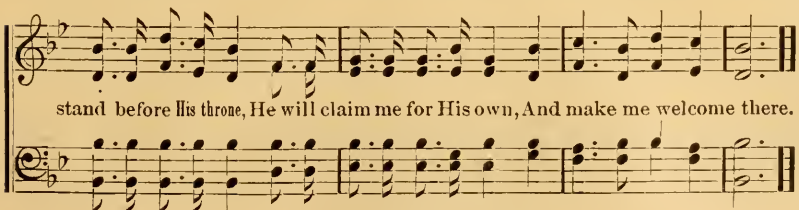
REFRAIN:



He lives, the mighty One to save. }  
All glo - ry to His blessed name. } Hal - le - lu - jah to His name, Let the  
In all my deep and sor - est need. }



world His love proclaim, That a sinner may His grace and glory share; When I



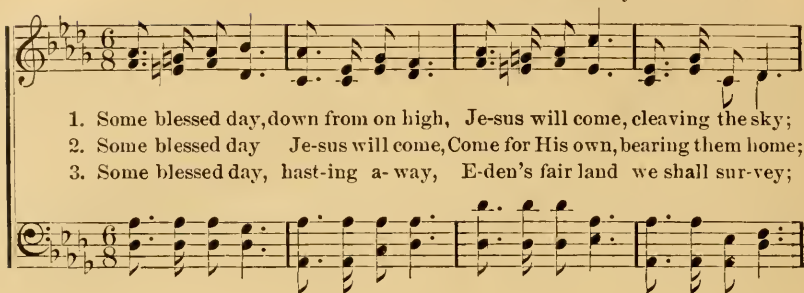
stand before His throne, He will claim me for His own, And make me welcome there.



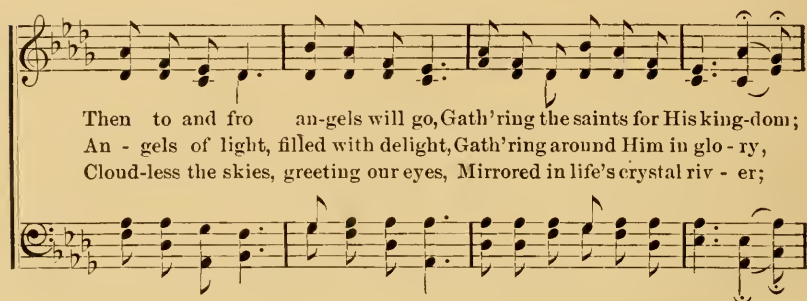
## No. 40.

## Some Blessed Day.

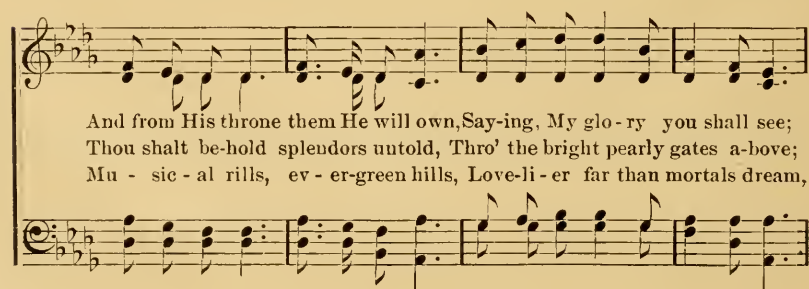
Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



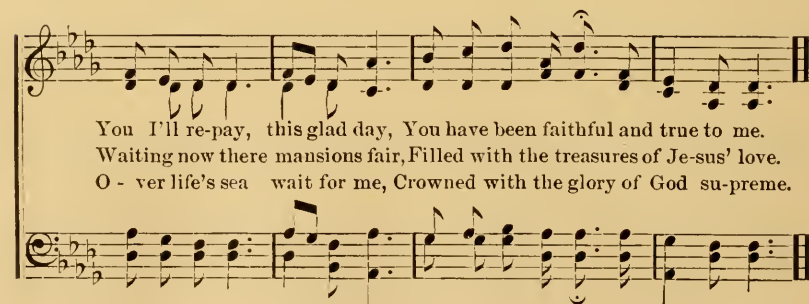
1. Some blessed day, down from on high, Je-sus will come, cleaving the sky;  
 2. Some blessed day Je-sus will come, Come for His own, bearing them home;  
 3. Some blessed day, hast-ing a-way, E-den's fair land we shall sur-vey;



Then to and fro an-gels will go, Gath'ring the saints for His king-dom;  
 An-gels of light, filled with delight, Gath'ring around Him in glo-ry,  
 Cloud-less the skies, greeting our eyes, Mirrored in life's crystal riv-er;



And from His throne them He will own, Say-ing, My glo-ry you shall see;  
 Thou shalt be-hold splendors untold, Thro' the bright pearly gates a-bove;  
 Mu-sic-al rills, ev-er-green hills, Love-li-er far than mortals dream,



You I'll re-pay, this glad day, You have been faithful and true to me.  
 Waiting now there mansions fair, Filled with the treasures of Je-sus' love.  
 O-ver life's sea wait for me, Crowned with the glory of God su-preme.

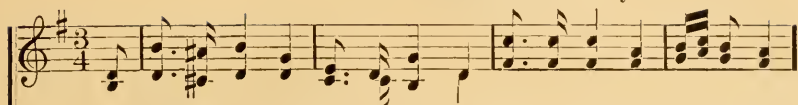
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## No. 41.

## Beyond Life's Sea.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



1. I soon shall reach the promised land, With-in its bor-ders I shall stand;
2. I soon shall see the pearl-y gate, Where kindred spirits watch and wait,
3. I there shall see my Saviour's face, Shall welcome find in His embrace;
4. I'll walk a-long its silv'ry streams More fair than fancy's bright-est dreams,



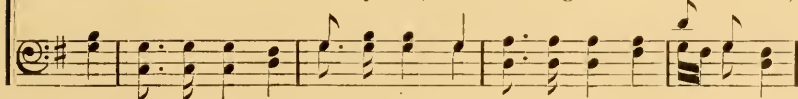
And 'neath its bright unclouded skies Shall ev - er feast my long-ing eyes.  
 And fold - ed to each welcome breast, Shall share their never - end-ing rest.  
 And walk with saints in sweet accord The groves and gar-dens of the Lord.  
 And there amidst un-fad-ing flow'rs Find rest in its ce - les-tial bow'rs.



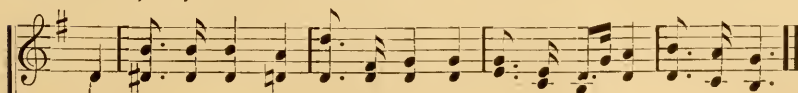
## REFRAIN.



There's rest for worn and wea-ry feet, For trembling souls a safe re-treat;



And look-ing far be - yond life's sea To mansions blest prepared for me,



My long-ing heart would fain be there, Its fel - low-ship and bliss to share.

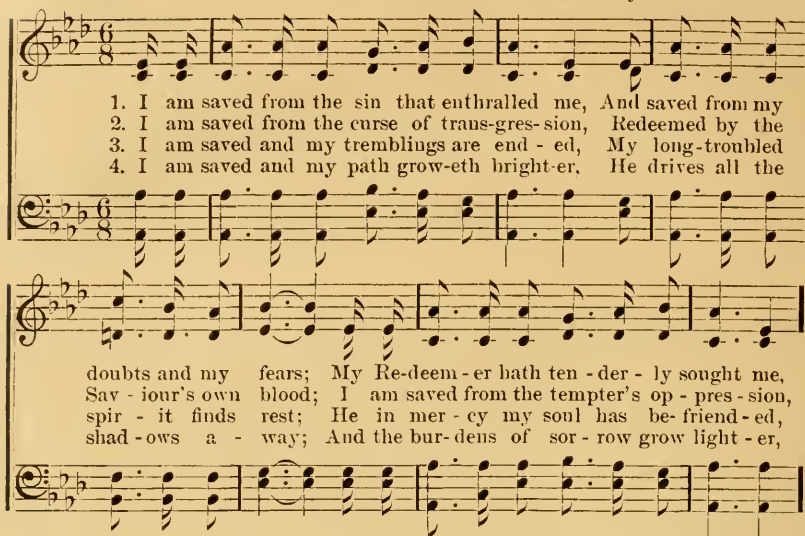


## No. 42.

## Saved From the Curse.

"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us."—Gal. 3 : 13.

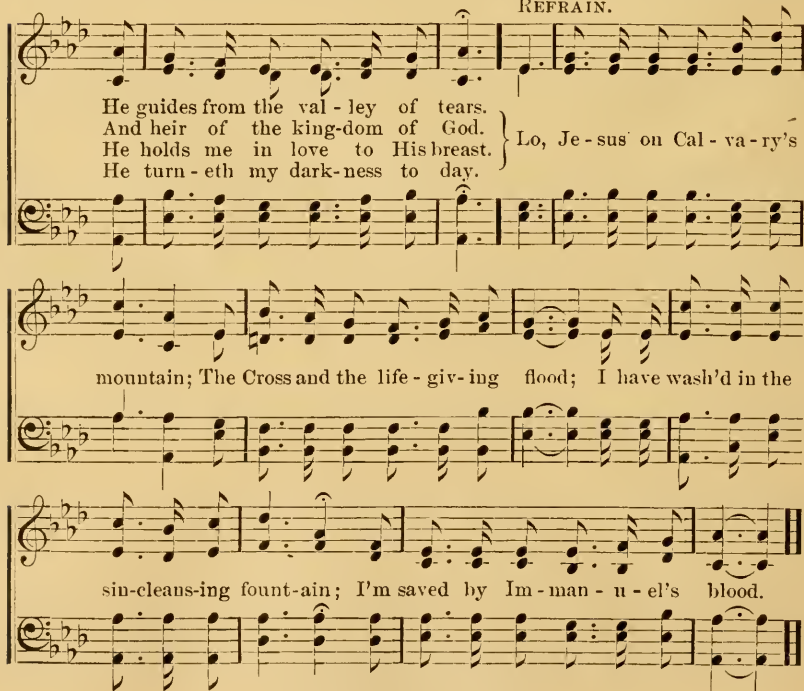
Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



1. I am saved from the sin that enthralled me, And saved from my  
 2. I am saved from the curse of trans-gres-sion, Redeemed by the  
 3. I am saved and my tremblings are end-ed, My long-troubled  
 4. I am saved and my path grow-eth bright-er, He drives all the

doubts and my fears; My Re-deem-er hath ten-der-ly sought me,  
 Sav-our's own blood; I am saved from the tempter's op-pres-sion,  
 spir-it finds rest; He in mer-cy my soul has be-friend-ed,  
 shad-ows a-way; And the bur-dens of sor-row grow light-er,

## REFRAIN.



He guides from the val-ley of tears.  
 And heir of the king-dom of God.  
 He holds me in love to His breast. } Lo, Je-sus' on Cal-va-ry's  
 He turn-eth my dark-ness to day.

mountain; The Cross and the life-giv-ing flood; I have wash'd in the

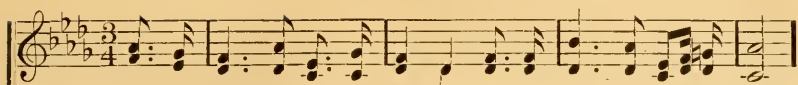
sin-cleas-ing fount-ain; I'm saved by Im-man-u-el's blood.

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## No. 43.

## Yes, for Me.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



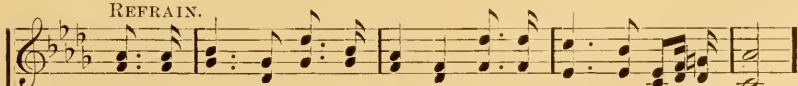
1. Yes, for me, for me He car-eth With a more than mother's care;
2. When my way seems dark and drear-y, When by doubts and fears oppress,
3. Might-y as my soul's De-fend-er, He will shield me day by day;
4. Henceforth I no troub-le bor-row, He is ev-er by my side;



And my ev-'ry grief He shar-eth, With each bur-den I may bear.  
 When grown faint, heart-sore and weary, Then He folds me to His breast.  
 And with pa-tient love most ten-der, Guide me all life's changeful way.  
 Life or death or pain and sor-row, All I need He will pro-vide.



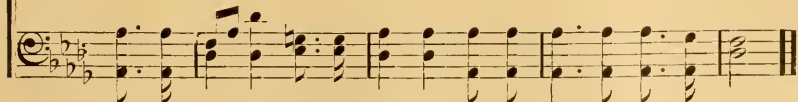
## REFRAIN.



Now I wait the blest a-dorn-ing Of His love and grace di-vine;



Wait the dawning of the morning When His glo-ry shall be mine.

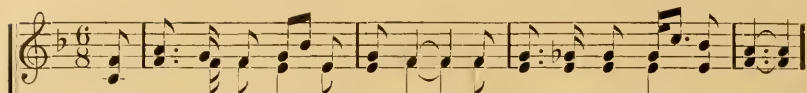


## No. 44.



## Measureless Love.

"Unto you that believe he is precious."—1 Pet. 2: 7.



Words and Music by C. W. RAY.




1. My Saviour and soul's De-fend - er Hath made Himself known to me;  
 2. He knows that I tru - ly love Him In meas-ure no tongue can tell;  
 3. The bur-den of my heart's sor-row He ev - er helps me to bear;

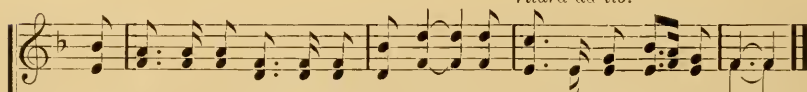
Re-veal - ing His love so ten - der, So won-drous-ly rich and free.  
 He know-eth my ceaseless hun - ger That He in my soul may dwell.  
 My griefs for the com-ing mor - row He sure-ly will make His care.

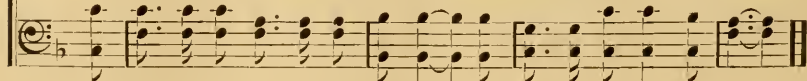
I oft - en grow faint and wea - ry, The star of my hope groweth dim;  
 His love it is ev - er - last - ing, Tho' knowing how oft I will stray,  
 I'll tell to the world the sto - ry Of meas-ure-less mer - cy di - vine,



*ritard ad lib.*



How bless-ed is then the as-sur-ance, The wea-ry may lean on Him.  
 His eye it is ev - er fore-cast - ing My need in life's toil-some way.  
 Of faith and His in - fi-nite glo - ry Whose love is for - ev - er mine.



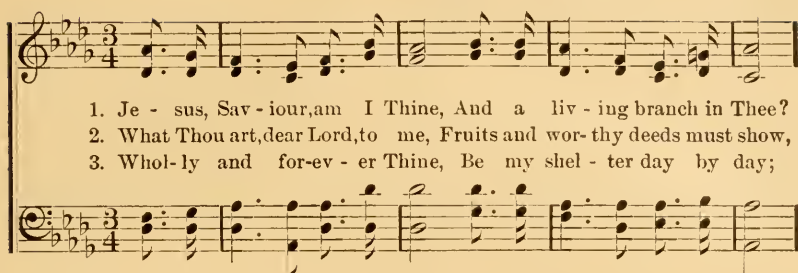
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## No. 45.

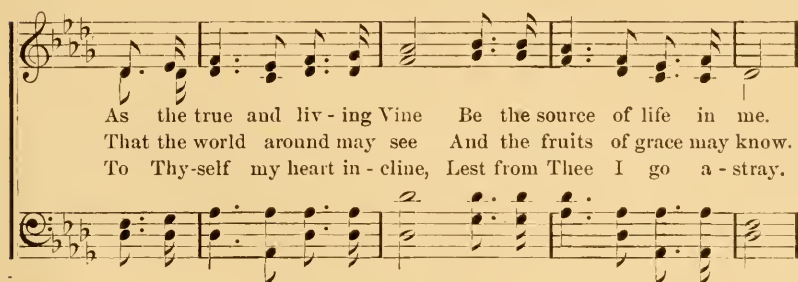
## The True Vine.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches."—John 15: 5.

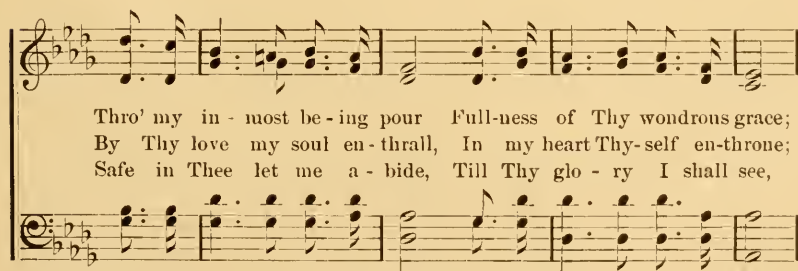
Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



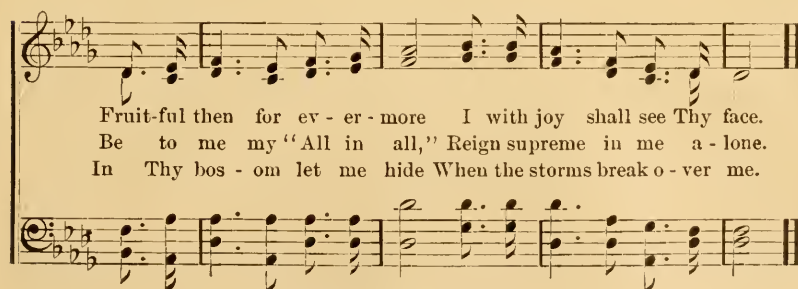
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, am I Thine, And a liv - ing branch in Thee?  
 2. What Thou art, dear Lord, to me, Fruits and wor - thy deeds must show,  
 3. Whol - ly and for - ev - er Thine, Be my shel - ter day by day;



As the true and liv - ing Vine Be the source of life in me.  
 That the world around may see And the fruits of grace may know.  
 To Thy-self my heart in - cline, Lest from Thee I go a - stray.



Thro' my in - most be - ing pour Full-ness of Thy wondrous grace;  
 By Thy love my soul en - thrall, In my heart Thy-self en - throne;  
 Safe in Thee let me a - bide, Till Thy glo - ry I shall see,



Fruit-ful then for ev - er - more I with joy shall see Thy face.  
 Be to me my "All in all," Reign supreme in me a - lone.  
 In Thy bos - om let me hide When the storms break o - ver me.

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# No. 46. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

HANDEL.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,  
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,  
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;  
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,

The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.  
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.  
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.  
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

# No. 47. In the Cross.

JOHN BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;  
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,  
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,  
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers 'round its head sub - lime.  
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.  
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

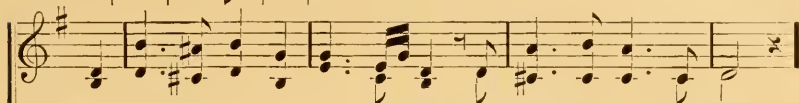
# No. 48. No Crown Without the Cross!

"Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."—Matt. 16 : 24.

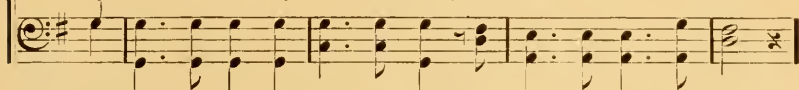
Words and Music by C. W. RAY.



1. What - e'er to me a cross may prove, How - ev - er hard to bear,
2. My cross may be in toil and pain, In pa - tience un - der wrong;
3. Go bear the Cross, thou wea - ry one, Thy toils will soon be past,



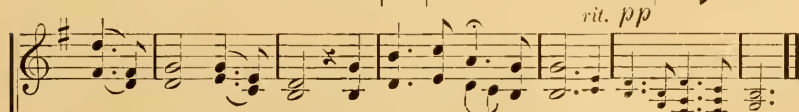
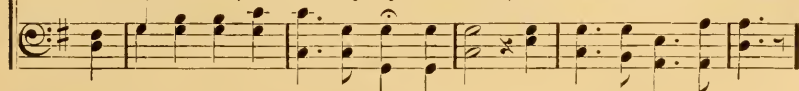
My soul from sin it must re - move, And for the crown pre - pare.  
I will not mur - mur nor com - plain, But this shall be my song;  
Thy con - flicts o'er, thy la - bor done, The Crown is sure at last.



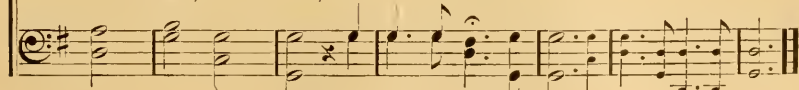
My Lord would thus my life trans - form, Would free the gold from dross,  
The world may frown and mock my fears, I'll brave the shame and loss,  
If tempt - ed from the cross to stray As winds the bil - lows toss,



And whisper thro' the darkest storm: No Crown, no Crown without the Cross.  
And calmly sing thro' smiles and tears: No Crown, no Crown without the Cross.  
Be calm, unmoved, and hum - bly say: No Crown, no Crown without the Cross.



No Crown; no Crown, No Crown without the Cross!



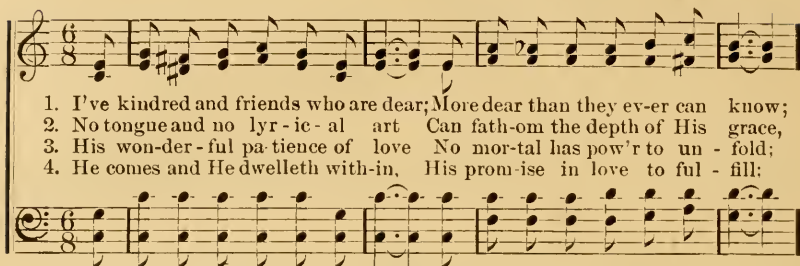
## No. 49.

## Christ Unspeakably Precious.

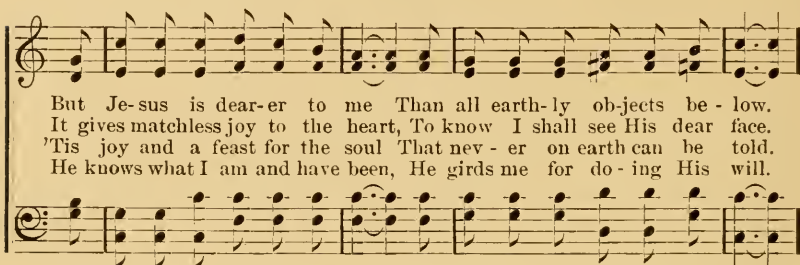
"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. 2 : 7.

"If a man love me, he will keep my words : and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—John 14 : 23.

Words and Music by C. W. RAY.

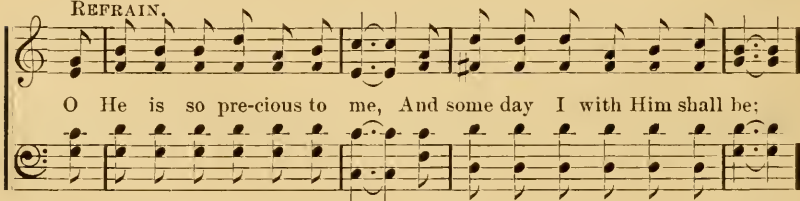


1. I've kindred and friends who are dear; More dear than they ev-er can know;  
 2. No tongue and no lyr-ic-al art Can fath-om the depth of His grace,  
 3. His won-der-ful pa-tience of love No mor-tal has pow'r to un-fold;  
 4. He comes and He dwelleth with-in, His prom-ise in love to ful-fill:

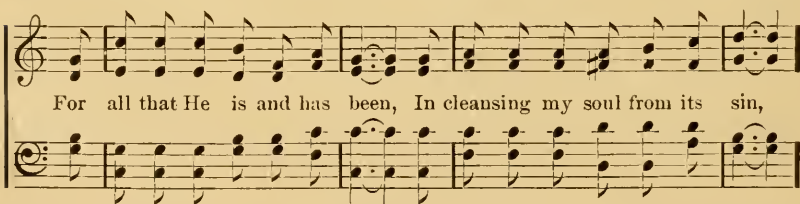


But Je-sus is dear-er to me Than all earth-ly ob-jects be-low.  
 It gives matchless joy to the heart, To know I shall see His dear face.  
 'Tis joy and a feast for the soul That nev-er on earth can be told.  
 He knows what I am and have been, He girds me for do-ing His will.

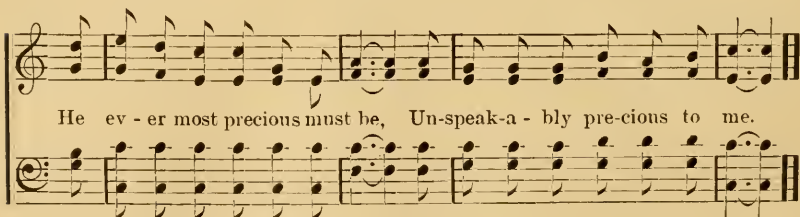
## REFRAIN.



O He is so pre-cious to me, And some day I with Him shall be;



For all that He is and has been, In cleansing my soul from its sin,



He ev-er most precious must be, Un-speak-a-bly pre-cious to me.

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